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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 109

EDITORIALS:
- Poincaré, Genoa, and the United States 112
- James Bryce 113
- Back to the Cave 113
- Chairs 114

AMERICAN IMPERIALISM. By Frank P. Walsh 115

"THE WORLD'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER." By Oswald Garrison Villard 116

THE QUAKER MEETING-HOUSE. By William Ellery Leonard 119

THE DIARY OF SIR ROGER CASEMENT 120

AMERICANIZING THE RUSSIAN. By Jerome Davis 121

IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 123

CORRESPONDENCE 124

BOOKS:
- The Roving Critic. By Carl Van Doren 126
- The Balance Sheet of Europe. By Maurice Wertheim 127
- Paul Fort. By Mark Van Doren 127
- Heretical Russia. By Alexander Kaun 128
- Fair History. By B. B. Kendrick 129

DRAMA:
- Business as Usual. By Ludwig Lewisohn 130

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
- Politics and Porto Rico. By Mary Reed 131
- The New White Drive in the East 132
- Vilna 134
- Late Figures on Russian Industry 135

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THE following resolution has been introduced in the Senate by Senator William H. King of Utah, and referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations:

WHEREAS, The relations between the United States and the Republic of Santo Domingo and the Republic of Haiti have assumed a condition which is unsatisfactory to the inhabitants of said countries and otherwise disadvantageous to the United States, which condition is due in large measure to the presence of the naval forces of the United States in said countries and the exercise by the United States of the control of the finances and revenues of said countries; and

WHEREAS, The purpose of the intervention by the United States in the political affairs of said countries, the direction of their revenues and finances, and the police of the same by the United States naval forces has been accomplished, and there is no further advantage either to the United States or said countries from any continued intervention in their affairs: Now, therefore, be it

Resolved, That it is the sense of the Senate of the United States that the President should withdraw the naval forces of the United States now in Santo Domingo and Haiti and should arrange an abrogation of any treaty, protocol, or other agreement providing for the control of the revenues of Haiti or Santo Domingo by the United States, or providing for the intervention of the United States in the political affairs of either of said countries, and that it is the sense of the Senate that Santo Domingo and Haiti should be free from any external interference with their domestic policies or internal administration.

This resolution deserves the militant support of every one who cherishes time-honored American principles. It provides the simple, direct, and workable way out of our inexcusable invasion and conquest of Haiti and Santo Domingo.

WE cannot speak too emphatically against the determination voiced by Count Uchida in the Japanese Diet to keep troops in Siberia until the "reestablishment of political stability in Siberia." Baron Shidehara's statement at the Washington Conference was less blunt but really not more reassuring. Japan solemnly agreed with the United States, England, and France to intervene in Siberia only so long as the alleged danger to the Allies from the creation of an army officered, and in part manned, by German and Austrian prisoners continued. The other three Powers lived up to their agreement and got out when the emergency which took them in ended. Not so the Japanese; they made the excuse that a few thousand of their nationals on the littoral were endangered and did not hesitate to send their troops many miles inland in order to protect their subjects on the seashore. It is unfortunately necessary to say not only that the Japanese broke their word, but, as the documents we have from time to time printed in our International Relations Section have proved, that their occupation has been marked by the same imperialistic aggressiveness, shortsightedness, and injustice which have marked our own exploitation of Haiti and Santo Domingo. And now Count Uchida tells us once more that the Japanese will get out just as soon as there is political stability in Siberia. Well, nothing is so certain to prevent that stability as the presence of the Japanese troops. The whole public opinion of the world ought to be exerted to compel the Japanese to retire; if they do not this stability excuse will be utilized to duplicate in Siberia the story of Japanese aggression elsewhere.

WHENEVER delegates to the Washington Conference take occasion to counsel China to reform itself and help itself so that other nations may help it and so on, you may be sure that something unpleasant has just happened to China at the Conference. China's weakness is of prodigious usefulness to the Conference. It can be dragged out at any time and made the excuse for errors of omission. Thus, having come to the crucial Open Door provision of the agenda, the Conference reenunciates the principle of the Open Door but refuses to permit examination of past violations of it; and then reads China a lecture on the need of getting strong. All the preachments made to China in the last week from various quarters merely conceal the refusal of the Powers to give back the spoils. These new resolutions are all very well in their way; if lived up to, they will safeguard China and prevent the rest of us from flying at each other's throats for pieces of it. But the only convincing token of intent would have been to apply the resolutions to acts committed since they were resolved that other time twenty-five years ago. All that the resolutions come to is an assertion of the good faith of the Powers and a statement of a way by which good faith can be tested. That, after all, is about all that the Conference can do here and now. It cannot create the Open

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Door. A coach-and-four can be driven through any resolution by any Power so minded. And failure to discuss the subject except in generalities leaves reason to believe they will be so minded. We shall hope, but we shall be skeptical.

IRISHMEN of all parties in their candid moments have vehemently affirmed that they could settle their fights if only the English would let them alone. Michael Collins and Sir James Craig have made an agreement which proves that contention. They will have their own boundary commission with no Englishman on it; Mr. Collins will stop the Irish boycott against Ulster, and Sir James Craig will do the right thing by the Catholic workmen who were expelled from the Belfast shipyards; representatives of both governments will unite in facilitating a settlement of the railroad dispute; they will devise a more suitable system of dealing with Irish problems than the British-made council for Ireland; and a little later they will talk amnesty. In short, Mr. Collins will do for Northeast Ulster what he demanded that Britain do for Ireland, and he will trust to common sense and mutual interests to bring about a unity which could not be obtained by arms. This is sound statesmanship. With such progress it will not be long before Irish unity is an accomplished fact.

THANKS are due the Hearst papers for publishing a letter written last July by Mr. T. F. Lee, executive director of the National Association for the Protection of American Rights in Mexico, promising "utmost help to the side of any capable, sincere, and aggressive Mexican who desires to restore to his country the peace, prosperity, credit, and honor it once claimed." The Executive Committee has repudiated the letter, asserted that non-interference is its policy, and accepted Mr. Lee's resignation. This is good; we are sure that whether or not the National Association and its members scrupulously live up to their non-intervention policy, they will not hereafter be so crude and direct about negotiating with Mexican malcontents. At least they have acknowledged the right principle. It is also good that Americans should be reminded once more that our Government has not yet recognized Mexico and that its refusal cripples Obregon's Government if it does not invite revolution and ultimate American intervention. There has been a silence—which we hope may bode good rather than evil—over Mexican affairs. Mr. Hughes apparently still requires from Mexico a degree of reverence for American property and debts that he would not dream of exacting from various European nations. As a servant of peace he might, after removing the Japanese menace from the American mind, give a thought to removing the American menace from the Mexican.

"THERE is no brutality or third degree methods in the Police Department," says Commissioner Enright, of New York City, denouncing *The Nation's* attack on the third degree. Yet on that same day Magistrate Corrigan ordered the arrest of Patrolman Patrick Lennon for brutally beating Owen Watkins, a seaman, saying:

> He [Watkins] is a mass of black and blue spots and bruises from his neck to the heels. His body gives every evidence of the absolute proof that he has been terribly beaten. The officer comes here and then commits perjury. In my judgment not only Officer Lennon proved himself a liar but a poor liar.

Watkins testified that he had been sitting in a restaurant when Lennon and another patrolman entered, accused him of being a hold-up man, and began beating him, and that on the way to the police station Lennon stopped every hundred feet or so and hit him with his night-stick. Mr. Enright has heard of William Randolph Hearst. On January 11 the leading editorial in Mr. Hearst's own New York *Journal* said:

> A Negro named Boddy killed two detectives that arrested him. . . . His case presents a warning to those that encourage crime, and especially a warning to policemen. . . . Too many prisoners are beaten up because individual policemen or other representatives of justice think that beating is wise and useful. In England no policeman ever beats a prisoner, and in England you rarely hear of policemen or detectives being killed by criminals. For their own protection the policemen should abandon the "beating up" process. Those that practice it are a menace to the lives of other men on the force. . . .

When the Hearst newspapers write anything even remotely critical of Mayor Hylan's administration or of Mr. Hylan's man Enright's administration, one need not doubt that the basis of fact is overwhelming.

McGREGOR ROSS, held prisoner for two years while the British and American governments debated whether he could be deported to Great Britain, has been freed by a decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. That court rules that an alien held for deportation must be deported or freed within four months, thus ending an oft-repeated injustice. But the decision of another Federal court moderates the liberal's joy. Judge George Anderson of Boston, it will be recalled, prevented certain deportations. The Government accepted his decision releasing sixteen aliens from custody on the ground that they had had no fair trial before the immigration authorities, but appealed the so-called Collyer case in which the judge decided that four aliens, two of whom—Mr. and Mrs. Collyer—are well known in Boston, had been given a fair trial, but that the Secretary of Labor had abused his discretion in ordering their deportation. Now the Circuit Court reverses the original decision in an opinion which not only supports the right of the Secretary to exercise his own discretion, but which goes further and specifically states that on the basis of the evidence before Judge Anderson he was wrong in ruling that the communist opinions of the aliens did not constitute ground for deportation. So these four aliens will be deported, and with them goes the hope of liberal interpretation of the immigration law.

THUS are innocent and helpless Americans protected against alien radicals; against citizens even more drastic means may be used. Mr. Harold F. Mulks is an attorney who went to Shreveport, Louisiana, with credentials from the American Civil Liberties Union to investigate the imprisonment of three I. W. W.'s, who, it was asserted, had been convicted of vagrancy while on the payroll of a Standard Oil camp. Their first lawyer had been driven out of town by threats. Mulks, after being assured of protection by the Director of Public Safety, undertook the case. He was kidnapped by unmasked men in the hotel lobby, taken out of town, badly beaten, and finally put on a train "going west." Neither Governor Parker, erstwhile Progressive and associate of Theodore Roosevelt, nor any other official has taken action. This is not the first case which shows that a

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radical, a labor unionist, or even their counsel, is in some parts of Louisiana as much without the law as the Negro.

ONCE more President Lowell returns in his annual report to the football question, dwelling correctly upon the business aspects it has taken on and the undue emphasis given to it, and asking whether it is really necessary that the university should maintain "a public spectacle attended by thousands of spectators every Saturday throughout the autumn." He also serves sharp notice upon the Associated Harvard Clubs, which at their last meeting voted that the Harvard team should play with one of the universities of the Middle West in alternate years at Cambridge and on the field of that college, that the faculty of Harvard still assumes that "education is the prime object of the college" and not football, and that it will, therefore, not permit the proposed Middle Western game. While football as a game has been greatly improved in the last few years, many of its evils continue; this year the public attendance at the Cambridge games has led to most unpleasant occurrences, the Harvard team not only being in disfavor with the non-collegiate spectators, but on one occasion being actually attacked by some of the hostile crowd. Alas, President Lowell makes no definite recommendations. He merely thinks that it would be well for governing bodies and faculties to consider the question anew. Two radical remedies he might have urged: The abolition of public attendance by permitting only students in residence to attend, and the abandonment of intercollegiate contests in favor of intracollegiate ones, as President Eliot suggested many years ago.

THE retirement of Postmaster-General Hays is a distinct loss both to the Cabinet and to the country. Little was expected of him because for years past postmasters general have been appointed solely for political reasons. Hence the surprise and gratification when he proved to be both an excellent executive and an old-fashioned American. Mr. Burleson held his position, it will be remembered, not because he was a competent Postmaster-General, which he was not, but because he was supposed to be the political engineer of the Wilson Administration. No sooner had Mr. Hays taken office than he let fresh air into the stifling atmosphere of intrigue, inefficiency, and reaction which Mr. Burleson had created within his Department. "This office," he announced to his subordinates, "will stand for free press, free speech, and free thought," and he lived up to this doctrine. Reversing his predecessor's policy he sent at once for the heads of the post-office employees' unions and began to cooperate with them, and this, together with his own lively interest in the personnel and his generally broad-minded attitude, transformed the spirit of the whole Department. Only with his use of the marines as postal guards would we quarrel. For the rest he deserves the hearty thanks of all who believe in efficiency, in the treatment of employees as if they were human beings, and in the use of the post-office not as an instrument of reaction and oppression but as a servant of the people.

POPE BENEDICT'S pontificate fell on stormy times. It saw certain outward successes. Britain, reversing her ancient policy, sent an ambassador to the Vatican; France reestablished relations with the Curia; and the bitterness between church and state in Italy grew perceptibly less. Yet the Pope, whose official acts consistently betokened a sincere and enlightened desire for peace would doubtless have given all these political gains if he could have asserted any real spiritual leadership for the church in the terrible crisis of the war and its aftermath. The nations sought his favor for nationalistic reasons, not because they desired the peace he sought. Even the Pope's reasoned opposition to conscription, cautiously expressed after the war was over, fell on deaf or heedless ears. No tenuous gains in the political relations of the Vatican could have compensated a man of his vision for the failure of the vicegerent of Christ in such a crisis. Yet he left behind a policy which his successor will do well to follow.

THE troubles of operatic song-birds rarely interest the general public save that part of it which likes Sunday supplement sensations. But Geraldine Farrar's approaching departure from the Metropolitan Opera is a musical event, which, coming so soon after the death of Enrico Caruso, cannot be passed over unnoted. Her permanent loss from the American operatic stage means that another great artist may be compelled to turn to the concert-hall. Miss Farrar was in a sense the first thoroughly American girl to reach the front rank in opera. True, Madame Nordica and Madame Eames were American-born, and Mary Garden appeared soon after, but somehow this young and brilliant American girl seemed in every way to typify the possibilities for native talent as no one else had. It was distinctly as an American that she achieved her European successes. Consequently the national pride in her has been great, and artistically she has well merited that pride. It is curious indeed that Madame Jeritza, who takes her place at the Metropolitan, was but a few months ago technically an enemy. No enemy troops, however, ever stormed and took a position with the ease and completeness which marked her capture of the New York public. Not since first-class opera began in New York has anyone stirred some of the critics to such fervent rhapsodies over her beauty, her vocal powers, and her vivacious acting as have been served to us since this unexpectedly charming personality came out of Vienna to give us the welcome assurance that the race of artists has not been ended by the world's cataclysm.

NOW and then news comes from the educational stockade which cheers us with the certainty that the world does move. What excites us at the moment is the report that a certain poet and scholar of our acquaintance has made a choice which if we were engineers we should calculate in the foot-pounds of inertia overcome—that is, if we were competent at dealing with large figures. This poet and scholar has long had the fate to be efficient in university administration: he could make one pink card do what two blue cards had done before; he could chart the careers of professors and plot the curves of deans; he could embroider academic records in beautiful sampler designs, and prune, if need be, catalogues and committee reports into the most lovely shapes—hearts, crosses, pyramids, love-knots. Because he could do this he was made to do it, though he regularly protested. But after years of protest and endurance he has—if we may be pardoned a not wholly academic figure—kicked up his heels and run away. The born administrators, he seems to realize, are the fellows to do the administering; he proposes to go back to his studies. How simple things would be if all the poets and scholars could follow his example! But how hard they seem to find it!

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M. Poincaré, Genoa, and the United States

M. POINCARÉ, convinced against his will, is of the same opinion still. Forced to accept the Genoa Conference in principle, he is endeavoring to make it futile. Let us meet to discuss the reconstruction of Europe, he says in effect, but let us agree in advance not to discuss any of the causes of Europe's economic distress. Let us send all our experts on finance and reparations to Genoa, and forbid them to talk about finance and reparations. Let us invite the Russians to discuss the reorganization of Russia with us, and bind them to unconditional recognition of the Czar's debts and unequivocal recognition of private property before they come. (One might have expected a Frenchman to be more reluctant to talk of unpaid debts.) To put it still another way, he says "I will go to Genoa and discuss anything with anybody, provided that they accept my point of view about everything beforehand."

The new French Prime Minister has discovered that conferences are a waste of time and produce only indefinite and vague results. He prefers the good old diplomatic method of discussion by note. Let each nation put its position clearly in writing, he says, and then let the other reply. That this slow and uncompromising method serves chiefly to stiffen each nation in its own nationalist point of view disturbs M. Poincaré not at all. It is a method admirably fitted for a Frenchman determined to stand guard over the rights of France though all the world perish. Mr. Lloyd George put the case against M. Poincaré brilliantly:

> You cannot have it out with a letter, you cannot reason with a diplomatic message. Come face to face, and I have profound conviction and faith in the ultimate reason of man. . . . [The only way is] insistent meeting, discussing, reasoning, and, let us say the word, conference. . . . If there had been a conference in 1914, in July, there would have been no catastrophe in August. . . . Each conference is a rung in the ladder that enables you to reach ultimate peace on earth.

As a matter of fact the Frenchman's unwillingness to go into open conference is the plainest kind of admission that he fears the weakness of his own case. M. Poincaré realizes that the world is against him, and that even the good old sentimental appeal to stand by France has lost its power. He was not so averse to conference in 1912 and 1914 when he went to Petrograd to confer with the Czar, Sazonov, and Isvolsky. With them he agreed and knowing he agreed he did not have his present fear of conference. M. Poincaré's record is very pertinent to the present situation. He made his debut in the first Dupuy Ministry twenty-nine years ago, and among his fellow-ministers as early as 1894 were Delcassé, the supreme jingo of recent French diplomacy, and Louis Barthou, Poincaré's present right-hand man, later famous as the author of the three-year military service law in France. He was in the reactionary Ribot Cabinet in 1895, and in the Sarrien Cabinet in 1906, with six future Prime Ministers—Barthou, Briand, Léon Bourgeois, Clemenceau, Doumergue, and Leygues—among his colleagues. His premiership in 1912 and the pre-war part of his presidency were distinguished by his intensely Russophile policy, by his intimate relations with M. Isvolsky in Paris, by his substitution of the belligerent Delcassé for the pacific Georges Louis as French Ambassador to Petrograd, by financial aid for Russian military railways, by a closer naval agreement, and by his promise to aid Russia in case of conflict with Austria. It should not be forgotten that M. Poincaré belongs to the old, old school of French chauvinism that dates back of Napoleon to Louis XIV and to the group of punctilious diplomats—the Berchtolds, Sazonovs, Jagows, Delcassés and their kin—who "did not want war but were ready for it," whose intense national egoism and utter lack of heart and vision did so much to make the Great War inevitable.

Such is the man who would hold up his hand and cry "Thou shalt not" to free discussion of the economic reconstruction of Europe. For the time being he is the spokesman of France; so long as he is at the helm it will be the task of the rest of the world to show France that acceptance of such a man only isolates her. Mr. Lloyd George's vigorous defense of the conference method was a reply to M. Poincaré; we hope that he will be as vigorous in defense of the proposed agenda and conditions of the Genoa Conference. At Genoa for the first time since the war all the nations of Europe were to have sat down together to face their common problems, not as victors and vanquished, but as partners in an emergent task of economic reconstruction. Inevitably that meant reconsideration of parts of the Treaty of Versailles and a new policy toward Soviet Russia—both of which M. Poincaré would rule out. If his policy prevails it dooms the Conference to failure in advance and America should not partake in it.

When this Genoa Conference was first announced, *The Nation* expressed its hope that the United States would take part in it. M. Poincaré's truculent conditions put the Conference in a new light. If they are accepted, American participation would be in effect indorsement of them. If, after holding aloof from Europe for months, we were to send an imposing delegation to a Genoa Conference held upon M. Poincaré's conditions Europe, unless we expressly disavowed them, would tend to believe that it was those conditions which had brought about our change of heart. We rejoice, therefore, that our State Department has delayed its reply. We hope that the publication of the report of the United States Section of the Inter-American High Commission, of which Mr. Hoover is chairman, was intended as an indirect expression of the Administration's views. That report finds rightly that American, even inter-American trade, cannot be restored until Europe's finances are put upon a sound basis. That, it declares, requires the readjustment of German reparation payments on a basis "calculated to be within the practical power of the German people to pay"; and a cessation of inflation of currency, involving reduction of the armed forces of certain of the continental Powers.

Therein is the germ of a constructive American policy—neither acceptance of European mistakes, nor proud aloofness, but active advice which implies readiness to help if the advice is heeded. Its implications, which the gentlemen who phrased the report may not have realized, are enormous. It implies just that policy of conference, compromise, and adaptation to economic necessities which Mr. Lloyd George is so eloquently advocating. It means counsel even with the hated Bolsheviks. Mr. Otto H. Kahn put the need of the hour well at a recent luncheon of the Foreign Policy Association when he said that the world had had enough of a policy of timidity and fear, that it needed to try out a policy of mercy and faith.

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James Bryce

JAMES BRYCE he will always be called—for "Viscount" Bryce no more fitted this great commoner than does John Morley's title adorn him. Both men were beyond the need of titular distinction. Lord Bryce was noteworthy long before he entered political life. Indeed, in his breadth of training and scientific knowledge he represented a familiar British type of the many-sided public man, a type all too rarely represented in our American political world. Thus, Bryce was a remarkable alpinist, acquiring in Switzerland the training and experience which made possible his ascent of Mount Ararat which he so interestingly described. As far back as 1859 he established his scientific reputation by his book on "The Flora of the Island of Arran," while his "Holy Roman Empire" three years later assured him a permanent place among the historians. His faithful reporting of our political conditions in "The American Commonwealth" assured him with De Tocqueville a place of preeminence among the foreign commentators upon our national development. And his laying bare of our weaknesses as well as of our successes was done in so kindly and so friendly a manner as not to arouse anything like the storm of anger which broke over his British predecessors in criticism of us, but actually led to Mr. Bryce's being adopted as one of us. This was equally a tribute to the sympathy and understanding with which he wrote and to the kindly spirit of the man himself. He could burn with indignation—witness his fierce outbursts against the Turks for their crimes against the Balkan peoples and the Armenians, about which he was again the foremost expert. But naturally his spirit was gentle and kindly, as he proved to multitudes of Americans to whom he remains the ideal ambassador, all the more exalted by reason of those who have succeeded him. His success affords one of the strongest arguments against those who favor a rigid professional diplomatic service confined to those who enter it in their youth.

As a politician Mr. Bryce belonged to the school of old-fashioned Gladstone Liberals nurtured in the traditions of the Manchester School—now all but forgotten. It is cause for regret that James Bryce could not have stood with John Morley and John Burns against the war as Cobden and Bright stood against the Crimean "war to end war" (when the foes were the "Slavic Huns of the North") and Bryce himself, Campbell-Bannerman, Lloyd George, and others stood against the Boer War. Regrettable, too, is the fact that so sound a historian and investigator lent himself to the partisan and unscientific report on the German acts in Belgium which has not been wholly sustained. But no one can question that here was one who, however dazed by a world plunged into the abyss, sought to do what was best for all peoples. At Williamstown last fall Lord Bryce found voice to denounce phases of the Treaty of Versailles which he was at first constrained to accept. Without being in any sense a political leader, he had an enormously useful political career.

The Nation cannot record Lord Bryce's death without expressing its sense of its own great personal loss. His unsigned contributions to it began in the late seventies and continued until the issue of April 3, 1921, in which he admirably reviewed the fifth and sixth volumes of the Life of Disraeli. For *The Nation* he covered for more than forty years the most varied fields, writing with vigor and with extraordinary competence. Even when he was a cabinet member and plunged deep in affairs of state he still wrote regularly for this journal, which, under the editorship of Wendell Phillips Garrison, he declared to be the foremost publication of its kind printed in the English language. For nearly fifty years the successive editors of *The Nation* have rejoiced in his friendship and good-will, and prided themselves upon the most faithful of their veteran contributors. Their journalistic debt to him is not to be measured.

Back to the Cave

We modern men are not "modern" at all. On the contrary we still belong to the last generations of the cave-dwellers.

Van Loon, "The Story of Mankind."

THE "crime wave," of which we hear so much these days, may be described as a "dragon of the prime" living not on statistics, which would be fatal to it, but on newspaper headlines, which have the effect of swelling it to Gargantuan proportions. When this diet fails, as it always does after a little while, the monster suddenly and silently vanishes away like the hunter who meets the snark. But it has not lived in vain. Sober-minded citizens, judges, attorneys general, the great minds of our newspapers, all testify to the terror that it has inspired, under the influence of which they revert to the idols of the cave. A once near-civilized district attorney proposes to go back to the medieval practice of branding or tattooing criminals; *vox populi* demands that the twentieth century shall dig up the whipping-post and lash of the eighteenth century; eminent judges clamor for the power to impose sentences of imprisonment which stagger humanity, while the sentences that they now impose are unknown to any other legal system of the Western world; formidable efforts are made to revive the death penalty in States that have in a humaner time abolished it, and governors of States encourage the use of "the paddle" in prisons in order to make those institutions less alluring to the criminal class.

The wise man will not be surprised nor dismayed by this relapse into barbarism on the part of a community which from the recent world-wide demonstration of its futility has gained a new consecration to brute force as the governing factor in human affairs. He sees it as a temporary phase in the long process of "working out the beast," and he looks forward confidently to the return of sanity to the distracted minds and troubled spirits of these overwrought champions of law and order. When that time comes, in the course of a year or two more, we shall waken from our nightmare of ferocity and lapse back, most of us, to our usual insensibility and indifference.

But even in this time of widely diffused hysteria there is one thing that our wise men will not tolerate, and that is the removal of the landmarks which the last two generations have set up in the warfare against crime. It has been a long effort, this struggle of civilized humanity to extirpate or even to control the criminality which it breeds with the weapons forged by its hatred and fear. It is only in the last half-century that new forces with new methods have come into operation to redress the inefficiency of the older, traditional system of terrorism. The old Quaker (or may we not say Christian?) faith in the reformability of perverted human nature was grafted on the punitive system of our criminal jurisprudence and re-

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sulted in two great innovations—the suspended sentence with probation and the indeterminate sentence with parole. All first offenders and all children under sixteen might in the discretion of the court be given a chance to escape the indignity and demoralization of prison life and to work out their salvation in a state of freedom under the supervision of the court; or, in the alternative, if committed to a penal institution, they might spend at least a part of their term on parole outside the prison walls under the supervision of the prison authorities. This system has saved thousands of children and other thousands of men and women from being hardened in vice and plunged deeper into crime and has restored them to lives of usefulness in the community.

In so far as the attack on these and other features of our criminal procedure is based on its inefficiency, it is abundantly justified. A system of criminal jurisprudence like ours, which is paralyzed by inefficiency and vitiated by technicalities of procedure, by the law's delays, by laxity in prosecution, by political and other favoritism, and by the lack of trained probation and parole officers, resulting in that travesty of criminal justice which President Taft in 1909 declared to be a disgrace to our civilization, cannot be saved by an occasional spasm of swift and terrible punishment of a Boddy or a Hoey. The remedy lies not in making the suffering of the wrongdoer who happens to be caught and punished still more terrible but in so reforming the entire criminal administration that it will work with something of the smoothness and efficiency of the English criminal procedure, and especially in improving those redemptive and preventive agencies which are the sole redeeming features of our American penology. Mr. Justice Holmes asks "What have we better than a blind guess to show that the criminal law in its present form does more good than harm?" But our guesswork becomes less blind when we contrast the results of the ordinary procedure with those attained in recent years by probation and parole where these are intelligently administered. What our prisons do to the men and women who are committed to their tender mercies has been pointed out in a recent number of *The Nation*. The statistics of recidivism, showing that three-fourths and upwards of our prison population is composed of men who have served one or more previous prison terms, is a silent but damning confession of the failure of our present penal system to check crime or to set the convicted and punished wrongdoer on the road to a better life.

What parole and probation are accomplishing we only half know, owing to our hit-or-miss methods and the lack of criminal statistics. But it is a significant fact that no judge or prosecuting attorney who has had experience in the use of these methods, no prison official, no social worker has joined in the outcry against them.

The opposition to them comes wholly from newspaper writers and the panic-stricken citizens who know nothing of their workings and who base their opinions on the casual appearance in the dock of the criminal courts of men who have previously been paroled or placed on probation. Must a system of salvage be 100 per cent efficient to justify its existence? Patients have been known to die on the operating table, but no one proposes the abolition of surgery on that account. Rather we seek to improve its methods and by education to secure the highest degree of skill in those to whom its delicate and perilous operations are to be intrusted. It is especially necessary in a time of unrest like the present to keep in mind the admonition of the Apostle: "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

Chairs

HERE and there in the rural districts people still talk about professors as holding "chairs" in this or that subject at some college or university. When they do this they make us remember that the chair was once cousin to the throne. It was an affair of some state. Our remotest ancestors did not sit on chairs; they sat on branches when they had time to sit at all. Our mediate ancestors, having come down to earth, sat on it, or on the floors of the houses they built, or on any odd piece of furniture that came handy. Chairs marked the great who used them, such as kings and senators and bishops. Only our most immediate ancestors, in the last few centuries, ever thought of having enough chairs to go round. Within the memory of plenty of living men quite respectable households, even in the United States, have required children to stand at meals, partly because there were more children than chairs and partly because it did not seem worth while to get more chairs for the relatively unimportant members of the household. Now everybody has chairs—even infants and dolls and dogs and cats; even prisoners in jails; even professors, in fact as well as in name. The race has grown sedentary.

What, the moralist inquires, is to be the effect of all this sitting? Not being very moralistic, we answer calmly that the chief effect is to make people fatter than they used to be. The vital and sanitary statistics that are always appearing about the increase of the average age and height of mankind never have a word to say about the increase of average weight. But it is clear that the race is heavier and that chairs have helped to raise the ponderous average. When the race sat on branches the fat men broke the branches, fell, and broke their necks. When the race sat on the floor the fat men grew lean by getting up and down so often. Nor after chairs came in did fatness evolve at once. To have to move one of those primitive settles a few times a day was enough to keep weight down; to sit on their oaken planes and angles was never comfortable enough to make the laziest do it long. Did the Puritan Fathers and Mothers fatten sitting in the straight-backed chairs and pews of their age? No, it remained for the padded and upholstered chair to do the work, for the rocker and the morris chair, for the sprawling chair of the hotel lobby and the trustees' room.

Consider what happens. The most strenuous man of business, the "go-getter," the carrier of messages to Garcia, when he sinks into the lobby chair thinks dimly—if he is literate enough for that—about "taking mine ease in mine inn" and fattens almost under the very eye. Yet even this is nothing to the process with the trustee's chair. Something drowsy hangs over it; something soft slumbers in it and infects the sitter. The moment the trustee sits down he feels his spine agreeably melting; he slips deeper in his seat and listens to the committee reports as from a muted distance; he has a sense of power which he realizes it is manners to exercise quietly; he looks with sleepy disapproval upon plans to raise salaries or cut dividends or reinvest funds or elect new trustees; he softens till he is scarcely vertebrate; his bones matter less and less; in time he does not know which is chair and which is he. The fatness of the chair has struck upward to his head. As a certain poet of the primitive has it:

Men on chairs
Put on airs.

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American Imperialism

By FRANK P. WALSH

THE American Foreign Office is in Wall Street. Its agents are the Imperial General Staff at Washington. Administrations come and go, with whims and fancies regarding the internal administration of our country; but Wall Street and the General Staff constitute a permanent governing force in our foreign affairs in whose hands our elected officials are puppets. At the instigation of the National City Bank, eager to exploit, and with the connivance of the Imperial General Staff clique, determined to dominate, armed forces of the United States invaded two Caribbean republics, conquered them, and now hold them by the brute sanctions of martial law. Official America thus forswore the principle of government by consent which is the sole moral justification for our existence as an independent nation. The imperialism which our ancestors resisted and vanquished, our present rulers have condoned and practiced to our national disgrace.

The facts are clear. In July, 1915, after failure to obtain an acceptance by Haiti of a treaty abdicating its sovereignty, the United States landed marines, seized the treasury, subjugated the country, and proceeded to administer it. Haiti was the second oldest republic on this Continent. Seven hundred Haitians had aided Washington in our war of independence. The Haitians had financed and equipped Bolivar the South American liberator. We were on the eve of the great crusade for democracy, the fight to free small nations: and we were meanwhile surreptitiously making a Belgium of Haiti. The documentary proof of our shamelessness is now part of the public record. But imperialism knows no shame.

What we began in Haiti in 1915 we took up in Santo Domingo in 1916. To Irish-Americans familiar with imperial methods in their own motherland, as well as to the Americans who know American history, the tale of usurpation, terror, and murder in Haiti and in Santo Domingo sounds like an old, old story. The Occupation of these Caribbean republics was necessary for American safety: Germany had designs on them. The Occupation was also necessary for the sake of the natives: they could not govern themselves; they were ignorant, backward, and torn by factions. The Occupation was desired by the poor savages, so the United States in an access of altruism, if not piety, kindly assumed responsibility for "law and order" in these benighted republics. Such lies have been sacred to imperialism in all ages and in all climes.

In the story of these subjugated republics American atrocities take the place of British atrocities, our marines act as Black and Tans—guardians of "law and order"; Denby succeeds Daniels as Hamar Greenwood succeeded Ian Macpherson; Padraic Pearse, Connolly, and Kevin Barry have French and Spanish names; and the "murder gang" are called Cacos and bandits instead of Sinn Feiners: otherwise Haiti and Santo Domingo might be Ireland.

Through the ages when public opinion was momentarily roused by some British brutality, notable even in Ireland, a royal commission was appointed to investigate and report. British archives are full of such reports, the last of which was the notorious report of the Strickland Commission to extenuate the burning of Cork. We, too, have begun to collect official reports whitewashing our imperial Occupation of Haiti and Santo Domingo. The latest is the interim report of the Senate Commission presided over by Senator McCormick, and including Senators Pomerene, Jones of New Mexico, and Oddie. Remember their names.

In the Haitian case the Commission has made recommendations which aim to facilitate the progress of commercial imperialism already intrenched in Haiti, where the process of ousting the peasants from their land and making of them itinerant laborers at the prevailing wage of twenty cents a day has already begun. The Haitians have to accept a loan from Wall Street bankers: "the Haitian Government"—the Occupation behind a mask—may be persuaded to "accept." The hitherto divided control between American civilian and military officers is to be concentrated in one man—another Lord French—so that the process of "development" for Wall Street-owned companies may proceed rapidly. In other words, the Commission recommends for Haiti a dictator, continued martial law, and retention of military forces!

Martial law has for six years held these tiny republics in its iron bondage. Journalists, protesting in the name of our own immortal principles, the crime against their country, have been "tried" by court martial and thrown into jail at hard labor. Those patriots who took to the hills with inadequate weapons and tried to cope with the Imperial United States' Forces were ruthlessly exterminated. And yet the insolent American imperialist tells us that the Occupation is designed to "help" Dominicans and Haitians who in turn love their military masters; and that were it not for a small band of agitators the love would be unanimous. Asked whether martial law could be lifted from the "simple, kindly, gentle, and generous" people, as Senator McCormick calls them in his preliminary report, these Senators answer, echoing the military men, "By no means, there would be instant uprisings against us." How completely this proves the mutual devotion of Haitians and Dominicans and their armed custodians!

Irish-Americans and all decent folk execrated what was done in Ireland, and denounced the British people for the evil wrought in their name by their Government. To the extent to which the British people were responsible for the choice of the Government under which they lived the British people were morally and legally culpable for the murder and oppression of the Irish. But the fundamental atrocity of the British in Ireland was their usurping presence there. As Americans we are responsible for the murder done in our name in Haiti and in Santo Domingo. We elected the Senators who are now reporting. We even elected the Administration which ordered and the Administration which continues the Occupation. We pay these administrators. They are our servants. We are their accomplices. True, Congress did not declare war on Haiti or on Santo Domingo; but we did not impeach those who perverted the United States forces to their private imperialist purposes. Our fundamental atrocity in Haiti and in Santo Domingo is our continued presence there. Yet we do not insist on the withdrawal of our forces, nor do we take any steps to punish

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those who keep them there to our national shame. In this international "con" game of which we have made a science, and call it international conscience, we are smugly advocating disarmament while demonstrating in Haiti and in Santo Domingo that no nation is safe from our Wall Street General Staff Imperialism unless armed to the teeth.

Every year when the seventeenth day of March comes round patriotic Americans assemble to celebrate Evacuation Day, and to honor our forefathers who on that day one hundred and fifty years ago compelled the Imperial British Forces to retreat before the fundamental American principle of government by the consent of the governed. At this very moment we have witnessed a second Evacuation Day: the Imperial British Forces, vanquished again by the principle of government by consent, are withdrawing from the soil of Ireland. All true Americans and all true Irishmen can now join to bring about a third Evacuation Day by driving the Imperial United States Forces from the republics of Haiti and Santo Domingo, and those who misuse these forces from public life.

"The World's Greatest Newspaper"

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

"THE World's Greatest Newspaper" the Chicago *Tribune* calls itself with characteristic immodesty and self-esteem, and not uncharacteristic impudence. It is foremost in its brazenness, it is unsurpassed in the brutality of its use of its power, and there are few to equal it in the un-Christian spirit of its editorial page. Perhaps its slogan is used correctly in the commercial sense; it is beyond doubt one of the greatest financial successes of the newspaper world—some years ago an offer of ten million dollars for this property was refused by its owners. It fairly reeks with prosperity and it is in the—for it—fortunate position of offering the only opposition to the Hearst morning daily. If you live in Chicago and abominate the frying-pan of Hearst and all his works you must leap into the fire of the *Tribune*. There is no morning alternative because Chicago will not support more than two morning newspapers—New York rejoices in five major dailies in English and various minor ones. There is surprisingly little domestic advertising in Chicago, for many of its greatest industries are not advertisers, so that the press there must live largely upon department-store advertising and the highly remunerative "want" advertisements. The *Tribune* has so prospered that it has erected at least one of its great buildings, that at Dearborn and Madison Streets, entirely out of surplus earnings.

That it has survived the fierce Chicago newspaper wars, in which one property after another has gone down with heavy financial losses to the stockholders, is, of course, in itself a tribute to the excellence of the *Tribune's* business management. It came triumphantly out of a several years' struggle for survival during which all the Chicago newspapers charged only one cent a copy and the weaker ones disappeared, the *Tribune* and the Chicago *American* finding themselves in a monopoly of the morning field when it was over. The *Tribune* is now in a position to snap its fingers at any advertiser if it so wishes. It is a "commercialized newspaper." To use its own words, "The Chicago *Tribune* is not a philanthropic institution. Nor is it a religious or a political institution. It is a *commercial* institution." Exalting its virtue it adds: "The *Tribune* is so prosperous that no bribe is of even passing interest. It is the weak newspaper with regular deficits that the 'interests' pick up cheap to serve as a tool"—as to the truth of which one may have one's doubts. Its management has studied its field with greatest care and adjusted the paper to it; it has harmonized editorial policy with business progress, and it has spent money freely to obtain special service from correspondents all over the world and to purchase sensations; but its sensations usually—there are exceptions—never interfere with the popularizing of its well-commercialized news columns. Like many another big daily it throws away much of the news it receives and often cuts the Associated Press news stories to snippets because of lack of space. Since it is a newspaper obviously made, above all else, to sell and not to educate or to convey information, it constantly slights National, State, and municipal matters of great importance. In its local news it is as inaccurate as most of our metropolitan dailies and does not hesitate to reveal its malice or bias in its reports of the doings of those whom it does not like—there are plenty besides Mayor Thompson to accuse it of falsification. Of this a conspicuous example is its long-continued abuse and ridicule of that school board which in Mayor Dunne's time comprised in its membership such liberals as Jane Addams, Louis F. Post, and Raymond Robins. It could not possibly find the way correctly to report the meetings of this board—a major reason was, of course, that the board sought to annul or revise the lease of the ground (owned by the Board of Education) upon which stands the *Tribune* building already referred to.

Yet while this colossus among dailies is savage in its attacks upon all liberals and everyone with whom it disagrees, it has been shrewd enough to run a Democratic column for Democratic voters in campaign times and otherwise to bid for support from those who would naturally seek their daily reading elsewhere. Since nothing succeeds like success, its prosperity and its aggressiveness automatically attract both business and circulation to it, as a magnet draws steel filings. It has, moreover, devoted much attention to pushing its sale and influence in the territory, and, indeed, the States, surrounding Chicago. It may have been a coincidence that Mr. Hughes ran strongest in that section of the Middle West in which the *Tribune* is most powerful, but with its usual audacity the *Tribune* attributed this result to itself. In the State of Illinois its magnificent campaign to unseat Senator Lorimer won it many friends, although in Chicago its smashing attacks upon this unworthy representative of the State were cordially disliked by the financial and business powers.

Justice compels the recording not only of this case of flying in the face of its business prosperity; there are other instances in which this self-contradictory and inconsistent journal has rendered distinct public service at the risk of financial loss—in some of these cases its hurt pride and its vanity have doubtless furnished the motives. It fought for the Progressives from 1909 to 1916 with skill and courage. For years it opposed the traction barons and especially

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Yerkes, the bribe-giver and franchise-grabber, but it opposes municipal ownership, fought Mayor Dunne and Walter L. Fisher, ex-Secretary of the Interior, when they tried to work out some public-ownership solution of the street railway problem, and still has no constructive program to suggest. Similarly the *Tribune* has grown cold toward the referendum and initiative which it so warmly advocated in Roosevelt days and toward many other liberal proposals which are or were the logical result of the Roosevelt movement. It still stands, however, for a moderate tariff, and for progressive and high taxes on inheritances. Although itself the creator of great wealth and now in the hands of very rich men, it is for breaking up colossal fortunes, which it sincerely considers a menace to the Republic. Singular has been its opposition to the Federal Reserve Board, the institution which is usually credited with having saved this country from panics and disaster ever since it was created. This it has ventured to denounce as a Southern device for the express purpose of drawing money away from the North and the East. Indeed, it has a positive hatred of the South and of Southern political ideals which makes it beloved of the intellectuals of the colored race. The difficulty is that you can never be certain where it is going to stand, whether it is going to be reactionary and vicious, or whether it accidentally will be found on the side of progress and enlightenment. Whether this is due to its double-headed control probably only the insiders know.

Its modern reputation as a great *news* daily the *Tribune* acquired under the managing editorship of James Keeley, who, for a time before the present managing owners took charge, also dictated its editorial policy. His "beats" and sensations largely increased the circulation of his paper. A glorified police reporter, he had an amazing "nose for news" and knew how to use well the unlimited sums he had to expend. He was amazingly able to foretell "where hell will break loose next and to have a man on the spot in time," and to become "interested in things a day before the public does and to lose interest a day before the public loses it." How closely a newsman's achievements are tied up with the newspaper which he serves was never so clearly illustrated as in the case of Keeley and the *Tribune*. Leaving that paper because of some quarrel, he took charge of the *Record-Herald*, then backed by some rich men as an antidote to the *Tribune*. Like other editors of great reputation in similar situations, Keeley failed utterly in his new job when the sole responsibility was his; the men who backed his *Tribune* reputation with their money lost it. His successor is a clean, decent, and efficient man but one devoid of vision, and the *Tribune* has been degenerating quite a good deal under the Hearst competition and example, resorting as it has lately to prizes, lotteries, and cheap-jack devices, even to giving money away until the latter form of stimulating circulation was stopped by request of the Postmaster General.

A characteristic and illuminating example of the *Tribune's* controversial methods is afforded by its attacks upon Mayor Thompson. That official is undoubtedly vulnerable at various points and it is the habit of all the Chicago dailies to pound him unmercifully and to give him no credit for his good deeds or for the, in parts, distinctly liberal and enlightened political platform which he has sponsored. But the *Tribune* has been so abusive, so vituperative, and so savage in its daily assaults upon or ridicule of the Mayor as to have aroused in many a quarter a feeling of sympathy for the object of its often slangy and always bitter attacks. It has abandoned every rule of dignified editorial courtesy in debate to vent its feelings against Thompson, precisely as it has sunk deep in its abuse of pacifists and true radicals. It observes no Marquis of Queensberry rules as to when or where to hit. Undoubtedly the *Tribune* was profoundly annoyed by the threat of the Thompson school board to condemn its building, but the *Tribune* knows, like everybody else, that the school board has no money with which to purchase this skyscraper. Long study of this exponent of the strenuous life in journalism must confirm the observer in the belief that the *Tribune* would have fought Mayor Thompson for the waste and spoils system of his administration, and what it considers his demagoguery and his lack of patriotism during the war, quite as viciously had there been no real-estate issue between them. The *Tribune* is quite likely to win the libel suits brought against it by Mayor Thompson, just as it won every suit in the school-board matters and the suit for $10,000,000 brought by the City of Chicago, the latter allowing it to pose as defender of the liberty of the press and the right to criticize public officials unrestrainedly, although it has itself throughout the last five years been on the side of repression or imprisonment of all dissenters. The *Tribune* desires a complete monopoly of all severe criticism of anything or anybody.

On international questions the *Tribune* lives up to its reputation for being erratic; the truth is that it is generally cynical, reactionary, militaristic, and jingo. It is enthusiastically for universal military service and would cheerfully forge for us the fetters of that peculiar bit of Prussianism, just as if the fate of Germany did not forever demonstrate exactly whither that sort of thing leads. So far as England is concerned, it does criticize the monarchy and its aristocracy and snobbery; yet in the main it would have America another England in our relations to the other nations of the earth. With regard to Japan the *Tribune* is as bad as Hearst in that it has been doing all it can to bring on the war with the Mikado's subjects which it so confidently, and apparently happily, expects. Mexico, if the *Tribune* has its way, we are to "clean up" and annex; our superior morality—as evidenced by the political conditions in Chicago and Illinois—we are to impose upon the Mexicans whether they like it or not.

Naturally such a newspaper leaves no depths unplumbed in its efforts to discredit the present Russian Government. So base in its view are the Bolsheviks that it recently reprinted a picture of rioting in Petrograd which it originally gave to its readers November 4, 1917, representing it as a portrayal of an anti-Soviet revolt of the people of Moscow. For this, it is only fair to add, it had the decency to apologize when confronted with the facts. Along this line it is interesting to note that on August 19, 1921, the *Tribune* deliberately garbled a letter of Bernard Shaw to the editor of *The Nation* in which Mr. Shaw wrote that he would not think of taking his wife "to Texas where the Ku Klux Klan snatches white women out of hotel verandas and tars and feathers them." For "Ku Klux Klan" the *Tribune* substituted the word "mobs." Not unnaturally this precious bit of editing was attributed to the fact that three days before the *Tribune* had carried a full-page advertisement of the Klan.

To sneer at morality in foreign relations is the *Tribune's* stock in trade. It was, of course, a staunch defender of President Roosevelt when, contrary to morals and interna-

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tional law, he "took"—to use his own word—Panama and argued about it with Congress and with Colombia, the victim of the theft, afterwards. That is precisely the kind of rule of might over right to appeal to the *Tribune*. Decatur's mischievous motto, "My country right or wrong," it has long carried on its editorial page as a daily appeal to that spirit of narrow, immoral nationalism which the thinking world today seeks to eradicate. It has as yet made no suggestion that we annex Canada, but the *Tribune* is quite capable of doing this very thing; nothing in its recent tradition, or its history, or its reputation for reason and stability would prevent. Before we entered the war there was much criticism of it as being too favorable to the Germans and there is no doubt that for a long time it had its eyes on the sympathies and feelings of the great German-American citizenship of Chicago. But if it was unjustly criticized at the time, that experience did not prevent its joining the 100 per centers and the most intolerant in their persecution of all dissenters after we had entered the war. It ought, moreover, to have been sympathetic with the German cause, to say the least, so similar is its political and international faith to that held by the Kaiser and his chief advisers. If there is a more ardent journalistic advocate of the Big Stick and the Mailed Fist it would be difficult to find it in any quarter of the globe.

Who are the men who control the destiny of this tremendous engine for the manufacture of public opinion? They are two cousins, Robert R. McCormick and Joseph Medill Patterson, grandsons of Joseph R. Medill, the founder and first editor of the *Tribune*. Mr. McCormick is well educated, well read, and much traveled; physically brave, he lives up to his military teachings; he served with his militia regiment on the Mexican border and commanded another in France. Genial and democratic, he is personally popular, but his mind, like that of the *Tribune*, which he chiefly molds, is inconsistent, shifty, generally reactionary, extremely prejudiced, arrogant, intensely nationalistic, and 100 per cent American to the full of the sinister meaning of the modern Know-Nothingism which has become synonymous with that term. Middle-aged now, Col. McCormick has still many boyish traits and makes many quick changes and hasty decisions.

Joseph Medill Patterson is a more interesting public figure. Slightly younger than his cousin, he has the reputation of being even more impulsive, besides being decidedly erratic. As a mere youth he startled Chicago by openly avowing himself a Socialist, although at that time the term did not shock our privileged ones to such Berserker wrath and visions of blood as today. But for awhile he had to leave the *Tribune*, his exile lasting until with growing years, or because of the influence of his wealth and associations, or because of a sincere change of mind as to the Socialistic remedy for the world's ills, he became "good," came back into the fold of the *Tribune* and of those who insist that all is well with the world, save that it needs more and not less of the old order. At any rate, he is respectable again and all but forgotten are the crude novel and the plays he wrote to denounce the present economic system, its landlords, and its plutocrats. He is, in justice be it said, still radical in certain views and still counts himself a radical. For many years he supported public ownership of utilities, but today he finds nothing wrong in being of the *Tribune's* warp and woof and in sharing the responsibility for its course with the cousin with whom he must differ at many points. Together they reconcile their differences as they do those of their staff. Truly, the staff takes its orders obediently, though, if report be true, the writers are not always sure as to which of the cousinly opinions will dominate. Mr. Patterson indubitably has ability and cleverness, fortified by much reading, but it cannot be said that he is dominated either by method or science, or the scientific spirit which takes the truth only for its lodestar. At least, he is broad and liberal in matters of individual liberty and believes in leaving social indiscretions to the power of public opinion. For moral censorships he is not to be had, and prohibition has in him a dangerous enemy.

These two cousins have made their journal "live," and often interesting, by their lavish expenditures and their hiring of good news-men and correspondents. But when it comes to the *belles lettres* side they have failed. The *Tribune* is not authoritative in arts and letters. Its musical criticisms have been formally condemned by resolutions of the musical societies. Its literary criticisms approach neither those of the New York *Times* nor the *Literary Review* of the New York *Evening Post*. Its literary style, or rather the lack of it, is laughed at by men of letters. "Fine writing" is one of its sins. Learning and knowledge do not always shine through the editorial page; this many thousands of the readers of its news columns shun like the pestilence, as is the case with the New York *Times*. By and large, despite its good qualities, the paper is distrusted and disliked by those who are making the profoundest contributions to the social, civic, educational, and moral progress of Chicago. Let the *Tribune* deny this if it can; in all intellectual and progressive circles, I repeat, the *Tribune* is hated and despised where it is not regarded with contempt. Its pretensions to being the world's greatest newspaper, the leaders of thought in Chicago know to be utterly false. They realize fully its inferiority as a *news*paper to the New York *Times*, to the London *Times*, and to the *Morning Post*, to say nothing of the *Manchester Guardian* and the great European and South American newspapers. If the good opinion of the men and women of brains and character in a given community is the truest test of a newspaper's greatness, the *Tribune* stands low in the scale.

Perhaps we should be thankful that it is as liberal and public spirited as it is and that it is not as noxious in its editorial influence as is the New York *Times*, although lower in its tone and personally far more abusive. But if there should be a competition some day as to which is America's worst newspaper, the Chicago *Tribune* will be a most promising entry.

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The Quaker Meeting-House

By WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

I

BEYOND the corn-rows from our Barracks stood
Along the elm-arched turnpike, out of town,
The Quaker Meeting-House, likewise of wood,
With windows burning when the sun went down;
Sided with shingles, roofed like plain big A,
With neither bell-tower, cross, nor apse. . . .
And whitest when the moon was off that way,
Beyond the rustling corn-rows, after taps. . . .

II

And in the dark the weary boys would joke
From cot to cot about the Quaker folk.

No double bars of silver braid they wore,
They never learned what the salute was for,
Nor the ten bugle-calls (as we);
They passed the captains in their homespun gray,
With salutation but by "yea" and "nay,"
And antique "thee" . . . and "thee" . . .

And trusted to "the inner light," they say . . .
But we? . . .

They never learned, beneath a high cross-pole,
On dummy (jerking like a living soul),
Where bayonets best may make a certain hole,
And then pull free;
They never learned by scrunch of hand and thumb
How deftly one might make two eyeballs come,
Were trusty trench-knife lost in some melee . . .
As we . . .

But, like their humble-witted forebears, they
Would enter, from the turnpike, each First Day,
That little door—with clapboard lintel telling
By date colonial how old the dwelling
In which they bowed in silent rows to pray . . .
And all the week, under the blue sky-dome
(Fringed with the tree-tops on the inner base)
They hoed their corn-rows in the crusted loam,
Or gathered fagots, piling them in place
Against the Winter and the Fires of Home.

III

We passed each other sometimes on the pike . . .
But both were growing more and more unlike;
We donned the casques of Sargon's phalanx—they
Renewed the broad-brimmed hats of Yesterday.
And, as on chin and cheek-bone we began
Strangely to take an old barbaric face,
Swart as the profile of Assyrian,
They gained, in spite of all their toil and tan,
Yet more the blondness of their Saxon race.
Yes . . . as the wolf-tooth in us made us leer,
Their lips were tightening with resolve and pain;
And as we won the tiger's pointed ear,
They showed the scars of ears cut off again;
And, as our necks grew shorter and more strong
And heads still downward in our bodies bored,
We marked on their necks, as we jeered along,
The print-marks of a three-ply hempen cord . . .
We had our diverse business . . . had our haunts . . .
We were the revenants . . .

While in the very sky-top every night
Above both Barracks and the House of White,
Vega, of the Lyre among the stars,
Burned in a gracious point of azure light . . .
Vega, to be (if prophets reckon right)
Sometime the pole-star for this earth of ours.

IV

And when we quit the Barracks for the Boats
With awful shouts in throats
(Though still some human laughter),
It seemed most strange this quiet folk should quit
The Meeting-House and all the peace of it,
And follow after . . .

We neither of us quit in fact . . .
However alien the surrounding tract . . .

And whilst we worked the poison-fire and shell
(Taught, like our foes, to work them fiercely well),
This wistful, meditative folk
Would walk between in No Man's Land,
By crater-pits and molten sand,
And tree-spikes where the copses used to stand—
As if conducted by an ancient spell:
Under the roar, the flame, the smoke,
This quaint, uncanny, visionary folk
Through the barrage would enter each First Day
That legendary door with lintel telling
By *anno domini* how safe the Dwelling
(Even when the shrapnel on the roof-tree broke)
In which they bowed in silent rows to pray . . .

Or was that timbered House of seasoned oak,
Four-square in lightnings of the booming Plain,
Only a phantom and the Devil's joke
On us poor fools, the slayers and the slain? . . .

And all the week, under the red sky-dome
(Fringed round with cannon on the inner base)
They hoed their corn-rows in the charmèd loam,
Or carried back the bodies where they fell,
Each to its plot of earth and mother-race,
Or wiped from bleeding mouths the grit and foam
To give them water from a certain well,
Or gathered fagots, storing them in place—
Against the Winter and the Fires of Home. . . .

V

The Killing's over, and the Barracks creep,
Hauled by a rope and windlass, down the pike—
Sold for machine-shops, very cheap,
Or for a sty and cow-barn, if you like.

The Killing's over, but the Meeting-House
(Within forever quiet as a mouse),
After the hail of shot, the rain of fire,
Still gleams, when hoeing in the fields is done,
With shingle-siding in the setting sun,
Before the hour of Vega of the Lyre . . .
You cannot guess how beautiful it seems:
Above the Capitol and marble dome,
Above the spired Cathedral and its dreams,
Unto the way-worn sons of men it gleams
Far down the Landmarks to the Ocean Streams,
With windows burning like the Fires of Home.

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The Diary of Sir Roger Casement*

CHAPTER X

Berlin, 29 January, 1915

GOT photos from Meyer of the Findlay letter to inclose. . . . Gave to Meyer typed copies of my letter to Grey. I want twenty or twenty-five copies—to send out to various legations and public quarters as soon as I have posted to Grey—and I am asking Meyer to see that copies are sent to the Berlin press, too. He says they will publish it textually with the photo in *N. D. Allgemeine Zeitung* —and cable it to U. S. A., etc. . . . I went to tea at Astoria with von Roeder and Baroness von ——— to meet a Fräulein de Bunsen, a cousin (but a German) of the Sir M. de Bunsen once at Lisbon or Madrid. A pleasant woman.

[On Saturday, January 30, in an abortive attempt to reach Norway to place the Findlay affair before the world, Sir Roger left Berlin. He got as far as Sassnitz before it was decided to abandon the plan. He returned to Berlin about 4 p. m. February 2.]

2 February

Meyer came at 6 or 7 to the Continental Hotel where I took a room (again), on the fourth floor this time, and as "Sir R. C."—no longer "Mr. Hammond." Meyer told me a pro-Irish society [Die Deutsch-Irische Gesellschaft] had been formed in Berlin that *very afternoon* and had put up 50,000 marks as a first contribution to the Irish cause, which would be placed at my disposal to spend as I thought, but in the interests of Ireland. Generous indeed! But I cannot accept—at any rate it must be left to my friends in U. S. A. to decide.

3 February

At Continental Hotel made a few slight changes in the letter to Grey and sent it to the Esplanade Hotel (typist) to copy for me, three copies to be ready by 5 p. m. Meyer undertook to get it off to Holland by special messenger tonight at 8:49 p. m. to be posted at The Hague tomorrow. . . .

To the Hotel Astoria where I dined with the von Roeders and Blücher (whom I had already taken into my confidence) and to whom I told (the Baron and Blücher) all the change of plan and the new way of procedure against the hereditary enemy.

Very wretched and miserable all night.

4 February

At the Continental Hotel most day. Gave a second copy of my Grey letter to Meyer for the German Foreign Office to have officially. Got twenty-five copies in all typed by the typist at the Esplanade Hotel. She is splendid. Got all the letters ready to go out to the legations and embassies here with a covering note to each minister. . . . Meyer thinks the letter will be "out" here by Saturday—and I want to escape reporters.

[The covering note to the ministers of the different legations and embassies in Berlin which Sir Roger refers to reads:

Berlin, 1 February, 1915

SIR: I have the honor to transmit herewith a copy, with inclosures, of a letter I have dispatched to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs of Great Britain and Ireland in London.

My action in visiting Germany having been taken openly, I feel it is incumbent on me to deal as publicly as lies in my power with the reasons that induced me to take that step and the circumstances attending my journey. Since the British Foreign Office has already published certain statements reflecting on my action, I should be grateful if your Excellency could regard this letter of mine to Sir Edward Grey as in no sense a confidential communication.]

Stayed in the hotel all day—busy and very anxious. Meyer told me they could not publish here first—only after Rome or some other country had got it out. I agreed. The letter should have been with Grey today. In the evening paper there is a telegram from Amsterdam, 5 February, saying that Grey in the House of Commons had said in reply to questions that "Sir Roger's pension would be suspended pending investigation into his actions against Great Britain" and in reply to another question he said—the public liar!—that he did not know whether Sir Roger Casement was in *Germany or not!!!* Within a few hours of making that statement he should have received my letter from Berlin.

6 February

Sent a long letter to John Devoy with Grey letter. Also posted one—registered—to Bryan and State Department and then sent out all the following by head porter in a taxi: 1. To the Norwegian Minister; 2. U. S. A. Embassy; 3. Italian Embassy; 4. Austrian-Hungarian Embassy; 5. Spanish Embassy; 6. Swedish Legation; 7. Danish Legation; 8. Dutch Legation; 9. Portuguese Legation; 10. Swiss Legation; 11. Greek Legation; 12. Rumanian Legation. They were out from 10:30 a. m. to 1 p. m.

9 February

Got a very courteous reply from the Swedish Minister by this morning's post—and tonight a very discourteous one from the Portuguese Minister. The latter refused to send my letter to Lisbon as it "exceeded the legal rights of his Legation" and he returned it to me. The Swede wrote a charming note, saying he had not failed to send my letter to Stockholm. Meyer came at 11 and carried off the letter of the Portuguese Legation to show to Zimmermann. He said the Portuguese Minister was a *cochon.* I agreed. He said he thought no other legation would treat my request so rudely. He further says he fears publication of my letter in Rome is impossible! They have doubtless heard by wire. He says *all* the "neutral" papers in Italy are "pro-Ally" and will say nothing against England. He thinks, however, that the letter will be out "by Friday," and, I gather, in Vienna. But Meyer is so secretive and lacking in frankness that he tells me nothing. I am treated by him as a sort of tool or agent, to be directed and used, but never kept informed or referred to—or consulted. Only directed. He now wants me to arrange to have Aubrey Stanhope and Conger out to interview me on Friday first (but not before!) and tell them all. I said much better do it before, so that they might be *ready* by Friday, not merely told on Friday. The wretched suspicion and mistrust of everybody that characterizes all this conduct of public affairs was again revealed here. I decided to go out to the sanatorium at Grunewald—as "Mr. Hammond" once more. This latter on

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Meyer's advice. He said he would arrange all with the police. Arranged with the Continental Hotel to forward letters for "Mr. Hammond."

Meyer will make a mess of *everything*, I am convinced. He and his department are the ——— of *stupidity* and *blight*. I have lost all faith in their good sense and action. They are either always too late or else do the right thing in the wrong way.

I went out to the Grunewald sanatorium at 3. Meyer telephoned at 5 to say *"not before Friday"* to see the U. S. A. correspondents. Meantime I have asked them! I'll adhere to the invitation, especially as today's news is that England has prohibited all cables from the Continent! This is a fine measure of freedom of communication! My God! how much more will the world have to stand? . . . This measure is *asserted* to be in connection with the transport of Kitchener's army to the Continent. That may be, but if so it would be the *other way* about and no cable communication *to* the Continent from England, whereas it is from the Continent to the outside world they have interdicted. It is much more likely that the measure is a part of their conspiracy against me. They fear mightily my charge coming out in U. S. A. first and before they have arranged their version and publicly branded me as "traitor." . . .

And while they are arranging that, here I am a semi-prisoner at the sanatorium under a false name, with a wholly false entry of my name, etc., and depending on Mr. Meyer to make all right with the police. After the various proof I have had of their hopeless ineptitude I should not wonder if I were arrested in the morning.

11 February

I am in my room at the sanatorium writing up my Diary and eating my heart out. An agent of the secret police has just called (11:20 a. m.) to ask for my "military pass" —I have none. I gave him the old police card of "Mr. Hammond" which I happily still have and referred him to the Foreign Office for further information.

[The next step taken by Sir Roger in the Findlay affair was the dispatch of the following telegram:

Hamburg, 24 February, 1915

M. DE C. FINDLAY,
British Legation,
Christiania, Norway.

It is reported here in press that you leave Norway on 1 March. I await guaranty of protection I am entitled to expect against your lawless guaranties to proceed to Christiania to formally charge you and your principal before the legitimate authorities of Norway. I here formally charge you and your Government with conspiracy to procure my death or capture by treachery, and that you thus conspired with the Norwegian subject, my dependent, Adler Christensen, whom you sought to bribe and corrupt to commit an act of utmost baseness and to violate the laws of his country. I desire to submit all proofs and myself personally to the jurisdiction of the Norwegian courts if you will do the same. ROGER CASEMENT

At the same time he sent a telegram to the Norwegian Minister offering to submit his proofs and himself to the jurisdiction of the Norwegian courts. Receiving no answer, he prepared, March 15, the following statement, which was not published:

Sir Roger Casement's open letter of 1 February to Sir Edward Grey was posted in Holland, by registered post, on 6 February. It was probably received in London on 8 February and read by Sir E. Grey that evening or the next forenoon.

Although Sir Roger challenged the British Government to meet him in the open and submitted evidence of the gravest kind in support of his very grave charge against that Government, the British Government has not met the charge thus openly preferred, but has taken refuge in the silence of flight.

On the 10th February, the day after Sir Edward Grey received the open letter that he cannot answer, the London correspondents of several so-called American newspapers cabled to their journals a series of slanders against the man whose charge the British Government could not refute. Sir E. Grey, being unable to meet Sir Roger Casement in the open air of the Norwegian courts, took for weapon the London Lie, cabled by the British submarine—the Atlantic cable—to the ends of the earth. Among other disreputable journals thus employed by the British Government to calumniate the man they dared not meet face to face is the New York ———.

One of the lies set on foot in New York is that Sir Roger Casement was paid $12,000 (twelve thousand dollars=50,000 marks) by the German Government to instigate a rebellion in Ireland. Another of the lies manufactured by the Downing Street Lie Factory for export was that Sir R. Casement employed the Norwegian, Christensen, to blackmail Findlay, the British Minister in Christiania, and has used for his own purposes the money Christensen obtained under false pretenses. Yet another London Lie cabled from Downing Street to New York is that Sir Roger Casement is now in jail in Germany for trying to blackmail the German Government, who, getting tired of his importunity, locked him up. Him you cannot "knock on the head" with a hired bludgeon you may possibly stab to death with a purchased pen.

Sir R. Casement is entirely capable of dealing by law with the American newspapers responsible for publishing the London Lie, and they can and will be made to answer for it before the courts of their country. He is not competent to deal, by law, with the British Government, since that Government refuses to submit its defense to law. He cannot meet the British Government on their "home pitch"—the ground of calumny, slander, and defamation, chosen in preference to meeting him before the tribunals of the country whose neutrality they violated and whose law they outraged.

Since the British Government is afraid to face in Christiania the actions of their representative there, Sir Roger Casement is forced to leave them the undisputed use of the chief weapons in their armory—the Black Lie and the Slanderer's Knife—and to rely for his defense on the one weapon they do not possess—the truth.

Berlin (Sgd.) R. C.]

[*To be concluded next week.*]

Americanizing the Russian

By JEROME DAVIS

THERE are several hundred thousand Russians in the United States who are almost as completely isolated from the best of America as if they were in the heart of giant Russia—perhaps even more so. There they may have heard that America stands for liberty; here they judge her by the pragmatic test, their own experience with our social and industrial life. They are engaged in the lowest type of labor in factory and mine, where the employer is unknown and the boss is the real point of contact. Their general experience with him has been well summed up by H. W. Anderson of the New York City Y. M. C. A.:

The Russian has ever thought of the government as an oppressor, and he transfers his mistrust, suspicion, and hate for the Russian government to the "boss" where he works, who represents to him America. A few days ago we witnessed a typical incident. Something had gone wrong with the work

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of some Russians. The men were not to blame, yet the young American foreman blamed it all on the —— —— lazy ——. They faced the angry tirade of the foreman with stolid, sullen faces and made no reply, but in their hearts they registered one more case against America.

After talking with several hundred Russian workmen, I have found that 90 per cent or more fear and hate the boss; even when ignorant of English, they understand the epithet he hurls at them, "You God-damned Polack." The disregarding of all racial distinctions simply accentuates the insult. They feel that they are valued as mere cogs in the machinery of production, that their human side is totally disregarded.

In 1919 Whiting Williams, an officer of a steel corporation, worked for seven months as a common laborer in coal mining and steel. He concluded that the relation between the large employer and the foreign-born workers is expressed by their phrase, "Aw, w'at da hell! W'at da hell da companee care bout us." I found this attitude almost universal among the Russians. Listen to their own characterization of our 'ndustrial order.[1]

Before war, very good; but now all, no matter what nationality, laid off on least excuse. If horse no can pull wagon, put in another horse. If man no can pull truck, lay him off.

Foreman very severe; sometimes lay off day for being minute late. Rush so at work you almost faint. Treatment worse now since it is very easy to replace men.

We now know America means money. We Russians are only like flies, too small; company doesn't care.

Bosses very unreasonable. One man left truck to get drink of water and boss fired him. Have to bribe boss to keep job.

If he were good would not be boss. Boss like dog, always snapping and swearing at everybody.

Too strict about time; if one minute late, dock one half hour. Getting worse all the time. Often work so hard get weak and when tell foreman he says we are drunk.

All people treat Russian like dog.

America place like heaven for rich, but like hell for foreign worker.

America is not free for worker. He is beast like horse.

These are, of course, one-sided expressions; part of the fault lies with the European background of the Russian. Yet his psychological reaction to conditions which confront him from eight to twelve hours daily is unmistakable and we must frankly acknowledge that, with the twelve-hour day and the seven-day week still existent in the steel industry, and with high speed and monotonous tasks almost universal, these reactions are only natural.

Added to these industrial experiences, his social contacts are paving the way for a still more distorted view of America. After his job, his impressions are next influenced by the little grocery and meat market on the corner, where he buys his food. There are few vegetables, and what are obtainable are old; the storekeeper blames the exorbitant prices on capitalistic speculation. In writing the greatest need of Russians to a government bureau, one from Gary, Indiana, said, "We need fresh food products and fresh meat and there are none in America." He spoke from the depths of his experience. In other phases of his life, no matter what the need, whether it is a depository for money, a doctor, or a lawyer, the Russian is all too likely to meet only the exploiter, the quack, and the charlatan. It is impossible here to mention even specimen cases of the large number available. The New York *World* only recently again called our attention to some of them, but the effect of every swindle—and their number is legion—can readily be seen in the following cases.

"At first I believed in everything in America with an open soul," writes one; but in 1917 he was defrauded by a fake automobile school and now says, "There is much injustice going on, and if one doesn't know the American law, one is always guilty." Another Russian workman in California writes that the first time he bought a farm he was swindled out of his money with a forged document. The second time a seemingly official "Russian-American agent" in Salt Lake City sold thirty-five Russian families land, "and when we all arrived at the place we found a waterless desert. This is what is happening to the Russian people in America." It is true, much of this exploitation is done by foreigners, but the lamentable fact is that the work of counteracting agencies is too small to be adequate. At best it only reaches a fraction of the people.

Furth rmore, governmental agencies have been strangely d linquent in their treatment of Russians. In regard to the income-tax law, the Foreign Language Governmental Information Service Bureau says that it "has complete records of thousands of aliens who were overtaxed." This law provided a means of exemption for Russians, but they had no way of knowing it. An investigation showed that of one hundred firms only fifteen took the trouble to explain it to their employees in their own language.

The attitude of some of the United States Internal Revenue officers is illustrated by the fact that the president of the Russian Society of Engineers in Chicago was refused an exemption blank until he forced the matter to the assistant collector himself. He says: "The other Russians do not know where to get their rights." A Government agent reports that in Ohio "the assistant internal revenue officer told me that he believed every Russian was a trouble-maker; he did not believe it was his business to instruct employees how to proceed with the various forms. From further talk with this officer I understand that no Russian will ever get justice if he applies to this office." He says in regard to those in Pittsburgh: "These Russians decided that it is best to suffer injustice from the American Government rather than to ask or insist on their rights. Their previous experience in matters of this kind has taught them a good and costly lesson. Their complaints are usually unheeded and call forth new repressions." Hence the Russians continue to feel they are being cheated, and the work of "Americanization" goes on.

The Russians assert also that even in the law courts they do not receive fair play. An impartial examination of the facts would lead to a strong presumption that the conclusion is not entirely unfair; this is tellingly set forth in the bulletin of the Carnegie Foundation, "Justice and the Poor, a Study of the Present Denial of Justice to the Poor." The author says: "You can work as hard as you like to teach the foreign-born resident to love American institutions, but if he doesn't get fair treatment when he comes in contact with these institutions he will think they do not deserve his respect." Yet the great mass of Russians have seen little but the seamy side of our industries, our social life and our governmental agencies. It is only those on our farms and the exceptional ones in industry who have seen the good in America.

The climax in this whole process of "Americanizing the Russian" came in the wholesale raids against "Reds." A stinging report entitled "Illegal Practices of the United

[1] Some of the quotations are from an unpublished study of J. S. Cole, 1919.

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States Department of Justice" was issued in May, 1920, by twelve eminent lawyers, headed by Dean Pound of the Harvard Law School, which characterizes the methods used in no uncertain terms. The heaviest brunt of this illegal oppression fell on the Russian, for he was supposed to have bolshevistic leanings. Judge Thompson of Pittsburgh, according to the newspapers, made the following comment on the case of a Russian brought to trial before him: "This case makes my blood boil. The methods of the Department of Justice have created more anarchy than all the radical parties put together, and conditions in this district are worse than they were in Russia. I did not suppose this kind of thing could happen in a country where we had a constitution."

One can hardly realize the actual conditions without reading the actual cases. The pastor of a Methodist Episcopal church in New York City tells of one of his own church members of six years' standing who was deported after being jailed and held "incomunicado" for six weeks although he was not a Communist. In Duquesne, Pennsylvania, a professor of a government bureau, lecturing on Abraham Lincoln and American Democracy to Russians, was arrested and imprisoned as a Bolshevik because he lectured in Russian. It took the Government thirty-six hours to free its own agent. He says: "After they found who I was and set me free, I asked the mayor of the city whether he would allow me to deliver my lecture now. He said he would not. I am convinced that no propaganda could be more effective in spreading animosity toward the American Government." The result of the "Red" hysteria and "dangerous bolshevik plots" as given out by the Department of Justice was that Russians everywhere suffered. The Greek Orthodox priest in Boston told me that things reached such a pass in his neighborhood that a crowd of Americans gathered and threw stones and tin cans at any one who entered his church. Once he even had to get a policeman to conduct him to the church. It is small wonder that Russians who have gone through conditions like these do not understand our country. The following answers represent the spirit of America to a large number of Russian workmen and priests; they are surprisingly alike: "busy and business," "each help self," "rich man's land," "money," "love of self." One priest took me to the door and pointing to the mountain of coal dust and cinders at the mouth of the mine said, "That is the heart of America."

And so, from their first impressions of our country, down through their industrial and social experiences, as well as their relations with governmental agencies, the Russians have not seen nor known the America that we know. This was strikingly shown in my experiences with Russian prisoners in Detroit and Pittsburgh, visited on the authority of the Assistant Secretary of Labor, and with those imprisoned at Ellis Island and Hartford. In my interviews I asked each Russian whether, during his stay in America, he had ever met any American who had helped him. I suggested that perhaps there had been some teacher, some boss, some boarding-house keeper, or a worker, who had been friendly to him. Out of nearly one hundred and fifty arrested Russians there were only five who had ever met any such help. Of these American friends, two had been workmen, two had been company doctors, and one had been a teacher. On the other hand, all the others had met many who had cursed and abused them. America, according to their stories, had been for the most part one constant struggle against bad industrial conditions and exploitation. They had seen the sore spots of our democracy. It can hardly be considered their fault that Americanization to them spells grinding toil, injustice, or the disregard of the human side of life.

These Russians have not seen the real America, the America that stands for justice, equality of opportunity, and brotherliness. Some of the Russians have tasted a little of its goodness; today they are loyal Americans. The task of Americanization is to enable *all* the Russians, even those in our industries and mines, to feel the warm, generous, heartbeat of our people that makes America dearer to us than any other land in the world. The only way is to change their experience.

In the Driftway

THE Chilcat Indians of Alaska have a custom that the Drifter would like to import to his own country—if a drifter can be said to have a country. When a guest is brought into a gathering of persons who are strangers to him he is allowed to rest unnoticed and unquestioned for a quarter of an hour or so to save him from any possible embarrassment. At the end of that time he will probably have looked around him a few times and will have questions of his own to ask. Far different is the lot of the traveler in these United States. The Drifter went a while ago to a dinner party in a town that he will not name and before he had time to unfold his napkin seven persons by actual count asked him how he liked Kansas City. "Quite some little place, isn't it?" said each one with precisely the same intonation. Why, he wonders, cannot his countrymen learn that a stranger in a strange place is the most easily bewildered mortal alive? He should be approached quietly, handled delicately, spoken to in soft and gentle words, or better yet, not spoken to at all.

* * * * *

THIS profound truth is well recognized not only by the Chilcat Indians but by the inhabitants of the British Isles. The latter scorn our absurd system of introductions and our oppressively polite way of "making people feel at home." It is not necessarily, therefore, a product of either a low or a high grade of civilization. We in the United States must form the unhappy medium. Politeness is *de rigueur* with strangers. "Pass the word along; ask him how he likes New York and what he thinks of the tall buildings." "What! Haven't met him yet? Come on, I'll introduce you."

* * * * *

THE DRIFTER speaks bitterly—and with reason; once in the past he went to a dinner, but quite recently he has been to a tea! On five separate occasions he found a corner near the bookshelf and ran a surreptitious finger along the backs of many of his old friends; and each time his hostess with indefatigable zeal rooted him out to meet Mr. X or Miss Y. His readers will immediately say that so unsociable a fellow ought never to frequent teas. And he hastens to add that he hopes—nay, he firmly believes—that he has frequented his last. Far better the Chilcat Indians with dirty calico draped over their magnificent furs, or the unfriendly Britishers. Peace at any price, even if it means perpetual motion! Never again will he stop drifting.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

A Word from Nansen

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Returned from Russia. Hearty good wishes for a happy New Year.

I am just back from misery I did not think possible, horrors which no words can describe. It is very late for help now, but I am happy to learn that your Government is coming in so admirably. You are indeed a great nation.

Lysaker, Norway, December 12 FRIDTJOF NANSEN

What About the Dred Scott Case?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial of January 11, 1922, entitled Does Mr. Taft Want Direct Action? presents concretely the question of the extent to which editorial criticism of court decisions is permissible. Ours is said to be a government of laws, not of men. The writer of the editorial referred to has not only descended to personal reflection upon the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States in a most unethical manner, but has had the temerity to suggest forcible obstruction of the decrees of that court, notwithstanding the manly spirit to the contrary evinced not long since by a leader of one of the principal labor unions.

Competition in radicalism may be an interesting intellectual diversion and those who indulge in it may find delight therein, but there is a limit beyond which sane men and women will not go and that limit has been well defined in the opinion discussed in the editorial to which I have referred. Should there come a time when "alternatives are not pleasant to contemplate" and the issue is that present in Truax *vs.* Corrigan, the marshal of the Supreme Court of the United States will not lack deputies to enforce the mandate of the court.

Bismarck, N. D., January 14 BENTON BAKER

Railroad Swag

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In these days of railroad hard-luck stories it may not be amiss to consider the case of the Burlington. First, because the Burlington, despite hard times, is very, very prosperous. Second, because the prosperity of the Burlington has caused certain railroad magnates to cast greedy eyes on the Burlington, and to smack their lips in anticipation of making the road play the role of the melon in a juicy melon-cutting ceremony.

Recent news items state that the Burlington will earn at least $30,000,000 net this year. Its present capital stock amounts to $170,000,000. It has never missed a dividend, and has already paid this year's regular dividends, one 2 per cent and one 5 per cent. The road has a big cash surplus, which it will add to this year. During the last twenty years it has earned $200,000,000 in surpluses, over and above regular dividends, and this has been "plowed back" into the business to pay for extensions and improvements. The road appears to have been efficiently managed. It taps a rich, thickly settled territory in the Middle West. The result is that the Burlington is one of the few roads in the country not over-capitalized. Its capitalization is only $31,000 a mile. What this means can be understood by comparing it with the capitalization of other roads in the same territory: Northern Pacific, $65,000 per mile; Great Northern, $52,000; Milwaukee, $60,000.

Some years ago the Burlington was acquired by the Hill lines (the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern) and the Hill family. Ninety-nine per cent of its stock is owned by those interests. The Hills, ever since the purchase, apparently have wanted to have a melon-cutting, with the Burlington in the passive role of the fruit. Last year the Interstate Commerce Commission was asked by the Hill lines and Hill family to allow the road to issue $80,000,000 in bonds and $60,000,000 more in stock.

Obviously such a proceeding would permit extensions and improvements to be paid otherwise than through surplus earnings, and the latter could then be divided up instead of being put back in the business. The Commission refused authorization for the bond issue, but did grant the increase in stock.

Recently the Burlington stockholders held a meeting in Chicago, with all the stockholders (the Hill lines and the Hill family) represented. A news dispatch said:

> Railroad history will be made today when the Burlington road, in declaring a special dividend of 15 per cent, adopts a new policy of dividing surplus earnings among its owners instead of returning such earnings into the property through improvements, as has been the practice for the last twenty years.

A 15 per cent special dividend on Burlington stock means handing the Hill family, the Great Northern, and the Northern Pacific $25,500,000 out of the Burlington surplus. And it means further that the Burlington will have to issue new stock and bonds for improvements and extensions, to make up for the surplus earnings divided up as the first taste of the juicy Burlington melon. Will the Interstate Commerce Commission stand for it? Or will it stand for the further melon-cutting promised, and the consequent watering of the Burlington?

For the same news report said that the Hills, despite the $70,000,000 increase in Burlington stock recently authorized, still "believe" that the road is $140,000,000 under-capitalized! How do they get that figure? Easy. The Burlington during the last twenty years, under the good business policy of using earnings instead of bond and stock issues for extensions and improvements, has put $200,000,000 back in the business. If you subtract $60,000,000, the amount of the recent Burlington increase in stock, from that $200,000,000, you get $140,000,000, the amount of "under-capitalization" which the Hills profess to believe exists in the case of the Burlington. Will they be permitted to water the Burlington to the extent of $140,000,000, and of course divide that much as swag? A strong word, but since I give the facts in the case the reader can judge for himself. The news report of the Chicago stockholders' meeting further said:

> Hereafter the surplus earnings will be available to the owners and improvements will be financed by special bond issues, as is commonly the practice of most of the other roads in a majority of instances. The Burlington now is buying car and locomotive equipment, and the financing of these purchases by equipment trust certificates is planned.

This policy needs to be continued for only a few years until the Burlington is as badly over-capitalized as the other railroads. And $140,000,000 in swag will have been divided!

What is the public's interest in the matter? Over-capitalization has a direct bearing on railroad rates. When stockholders' rates of dividend are cut down, due to water, a cry of "hard times" and failure to make proper return on investment is raised. There is a clamor for higher rates, or to maintain rates already too high. See, said the railroads in their recent national advertising campaign, the roads are now averaging less than 3 per cent earnings!

The Burlington is very prosperous. It can not hope for higher rates, or to keep present high rates, on the present capitalization basis. But if the stock can be watered enough, the road will become as "poor," on paper, as the majority of our great lines. And don't forget that, if the present Burlington watering plans are carried out during the next few years, as announced, the swag for certain railroad owners will be $140,000,000!

Minneapolis, December 17 OLIVER S. MORRIS

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Birth Control, Pro and Con

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Replying to Ida Crouch-Hazlett, I mentioned the economic barriers to continence in my former communication against birth control, but the space-saving editor struck out about half of my brief letter. I reluctantly concede that there may be two classes of persons for whom birth control is excusable. First, wives who are abject economic slaves and have to submit for the sake of their already existing children. Second, the mentally defective.

All other men and women should practice continence unless they really want children. This should be the recognized rule; and the rule, not the exceptions, should be stressed.

What I want the birth controllers to do is to quit preaching unlimited lust in the form of degenerative birth control for everybody and use their abundant energy and ability in teaching voluntary purity and at the same time urging the economic emancipation of woman. So doing, they would genuinely elevate the race.

Milwaukee, January 5 John M. Work

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Where the species is propagated recklessly and beyond the means of subsistence we have thousands of people carried away prematurely by tuberculosis and other diseases due to malnutrition—all of which results in a great waste to society. So it comes to the question as to whether we shall submit ourselves to the blind forces of nature or adopt the more humane method of family limitation.

Economists are not agreed as to whether small families are the cause of economic well-being or whether economic well-being is the cause of small families, but they are agreed that the two usually go together. If Archbishop Hayes is interested in seeing our population increased to the point of economic possibility, it might be pertinent to inquire why he does not expend as much effort trying to improve our system of distribution as he does opposing the advocates of birth control.

It will be time to denounce birth control as bad public policy and bad morals after we have eliminated some of our barbarous practices. In the meantime the millions of children in industry who should be in school are an argument in favor of birth control. Other thousands of underfed school-children are an argument for birth control. The fact that America stands ninth or tenth in point of popular education is another argument in favor of birth control. Family limitation is an economic necessity and necessity knows no law. Right these economic wrongs and the instinct of reproduction will operate automatically to increase the population up to the limit of subsistence. In the meantime let us have free and open discussion. Let us turn on the light. The time is past for the clergy to stand guard over the intellectual life of the people with a policeman's club.

Pueblo, Colorado, December 28 T. F. Irvin

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have written so much on birth control that I do not willingly enter into arguments on the subject, but it is painful to see intelligent men confusing birth control with abortion, as one of your correspondents does in the issue of *The Nation* of January 4, 1922.

Your correspondent asks: "Is not the life of the unborn child as valuable and as sacred as that of an adult?" Yes. No birth control advocate has ever denied it. But what has birth control to do with an unborn child? An unconceived child is certainly not a child. A thing that has not been conceived cannot be destroyed. If the mere use of a chemical or mechanical contraceptive is equivalent to murder, then abstinence is also equivalent to murder, because by abstaining from sexual relations one certainly prevents numerous children from being born. It may be of interest to your readers to know that there was a sect, the Hassidic, which considered an unmarried man a murderer. And, for that reason, they usually married their boys at the age of fourteen. Shall we go as far as the Hassidum?

New York, December 30 Wm. J. Robinson, M.D.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: We are face to face with a condition—poverty, the most serious blight on the life of the race, and how do we seek to meet it? We who have harnessed the forces of nature to do our bidding, we who have raised ourselves from the level of the beast, must we again make the sharp descent? Must we supinely bow our heads to the forces of economic determinism? Men, pull yourselves together; these are but forces of our own creation; what we have made, we can destroy.

Out with Dean Inge, Mrs. Sanger, and their ilk. They and their god, Thomas Malthus, are but recreants. We will find an escape worthy of us.

New York, January 3 F. X. Herr

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent Mr. L. O. Dick contends that unless we outlaw birth control we cannot consistently legislate against any form of immorality. The reply might be made that public opinion is universally agreed upon the immorality of the other evils mentioned by Mr. Dick, whereas only a small section of public opinion is agreed upon the immorality of birth control.

Another correspondent offers the alternative of "self control," which is to say that nature's method of evasion must be the only one sanctioned. Now provided the artificial means does not in itself involve any intrinsic immorality, what moral difference does it make whether the object in view is attained by natural or by artificial means, since the motive is precisely the same in both cases?

Los Angeles, December 22 Bessie Sullivan

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Archbishop Hayes's pastoral to The Faithful is very positive in his conviction about birth control. "Children troop down from Heaven because God wills it. He alone has the right to stay their coming. . . . Woe to those who degrade, pervert, or do violence to the law of nature as fixed by the eternal decree of God Himself!" etc.

Doesn't the Archbishop belong to the greatest order of modern times whose members are dedicating their lives to birth prevention? Countless men and women of the manifestly superior type, those who naturally would furnish the best habitations for those countless souls waiting to troop down to earth, have taken upon themselves the strict vows of celibacy. Isn't this the surest possible way of preventing that incarnation which the Archbishop so strenuously advocates?

Hartford, Connecticut, December 22 A Perplexed Reader

The Old, Old Story

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The issue of the coming campaign will be the same as that of the campaign of 1920, viz., Would the people rather have labor enslaved and the farmer robbed by the Democratic or the Republican Party?—the benefits accruing as usual to Wall Street and its clients.

Yours for a good government properly administered. I am a farmer.

Pawnee, Oklahoma, January 13 Owsley Lonergan

Special Extra: The Poetry Contest

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I care not who makes the rules of *The Nation* as long as I do not enter its poetry contest.

Pro bonehead publico,

Logan, Pennsylvania, January 14 Harry Boland

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Books

The Roving Critic

SNUFFY, prosy men always keep pawing over the poets. It is bad enough when they are only literary critics, but when they are theologians there is no length to which they will not go. Think what has happened to that radiant anthology which the late Morris Jastrow translated and edited as his final work, "The Song of Songs" (Lippincott). Originally, it seems clear, a collection of popular lyrics which the Hebrew folk prized so highly as to insist on giving them a place in the sacred canon, these poems have been argued and allegorized to what would have been the death of anything less indestructible. While the Stoics were "explaining" Homer, partly Hellenized Jews began to interpret the Song of Songs as an expression of Yahweh's love for Israel and then Christians as an expression of Christ's love for his Church. Learned scholiasts wallowed in commentary, declaring, for instance, that the phrase "eyes like doves" referred to the wise men of the Sanhedrin or to the thoughts of God directed toward Jerusalem. Augustine saw in "where thou reclinest at noon" a hint that the true Church lay under the meridian—that is, in Augustine's Africa! Bernard of Burgundy composed eighty-six homilies on the first two chapters. The Jewish Saadia, writing in the tenth century, detected in the Song of Songs a complete history of the Jews from the Exodus to the coming of a twelfth-century Messiah; and Thomas Brightman in 1600 drew the prophecy down to Luther and Melanchthon. Not until the Enlightenment, in the hands of Lowth and Herder, did criticism become more direct and reasonable. Even after that the passion for finding some kind of unity in the book led even such scholars as Ewald, Delitzsch, Renan to explain it as a rudimentary drama, with Solomon as one of the characters. There were, of course, always heretics, like Thomas Hardy's Respectable Burgher, who slyly rejoiced to learn

> "That Solomon sang the fleshly Fair
> And gave the Church no thought whate'er,"

but they were generally outside the beaten track of doctrine.

Mr. Jastrow brought to his labors on the Song of Songs at once the erudition and common sense with which he had already edited Job and Ecclesiastes and in addition a feeling for youth and love and poetry which his latest theme particularly required. In a masterly introduction, utilizing all that is known about the book and reducing it to convenient form for a wide audience, he cuts away the accretions of centuries while tracing the fortunes of this golden treasury with its cloud of commentators. Then he offers a new translation divided into twenty-three separate lyrics, each of which he equips with adequate yet simple notes, purging the text of intrusive variants and glosses, explaining the allusions, sympathetically pointing out the grace and spontaneity of the poems. In his treatment the Song of Songs is restored to an ancient status which gives it a fresh, modern meaning. Once more the Palestinian villagers have come together at a wedding; once more they sing exquisite songs about the joys of love which no thought of theology invades. Lover and beloved praise one another's charms in glowing imagery. Alone, each longs for the other; united, they rush to ecstatic, unabashed consummation of their desire. This is love at its rosy dawn, tremulous, candid, exultant. This is what Wilfrid Scawen Blunt had in mind when he declared in his diary that he would rather have written the Song of Songs than all the rest of literature.

TO say that W. R. Sorley's "A History of English Philosophy" (Putnam) is the best record of that current of speculation is not quite enough; it deserves the credit also of doing more than any other book has done to exhibit English philosophy in a language free of technical jargon, as a department of English letters. The first appearance of practically the entire book—except for a few paragraphs concerning Herbert of Cherbury, a new chapter on the Cambridge Platonists, and several rearrangements and transitions—in "The Cambridge History of English Literature" might seem to account for this quality. But Mr. Sorley's admirable method must be taken into account. Attentive to the larger tendencies as he is, he deals with each philosopher as an individual, and almost with each book of each philosopher. The result is an unusual naturalness of treatment: the thinkers become persons and their works realities. Moreover the discussion is notably without bias, satisfying itself with an exposition of British thought and omitting arguments, open or secret, in behalf of any particular school. Its special excellence springs from its lucidity. The most difficult problems are stated in plain terms, the most subtle arguments followed with quiet ease. "He had thought out—one may even say, he had lived—the theory for himself," Mr. Sorley says of John Norris of Bemerton; and the comment might well be applied to the historian himself. He has "lived" the history of English philosophy in an unprecedented way.

ONE of the reasons, I suppose, why the novel has prospered so well during the past two centuries is that it permits the most extraordinary variety. It can be as broad as the epic, frequently as tense as the drama, and at moments as intimate as the lyric; while prose has harmonies and rhythms as diversified as the temperaments which compose it. The dominance of this or that mode of fiction never extinguishes other modes entirely. Here, for instance, is Shaw Desmond in "Gods" (Scribner) using the novel to represent, among other things, the discords which arise from the jangle of sects in the British Isles. In the end his hero, Finn Fontaine, goes off to Ireland, studies the soul of the Irish race, and loses himself in rather mystical meanderings; but the earlier chapters dealing with Finn's Anglican and Catholic and Nonconformist and Rationalist relatives and friends in London have almost the vividness of "Main Street." Here also is Oliver Onions in "The Tower of Oblivion" (Macmillan), little concerned with manners or satire but devoting immense ingenuity to the story of a man who by some freak of nature starts growing young again at forty-five, retraces his career to the age of sixteen, and dies of youth. The plot is clever. Mr. Onions's method, however, recalls the shrewd dictum of Dr. Johnson, in his life of Gray, that "we are affected only as we believe." It is by the imagination not by statistics that incredible events are made credible, yet Mr. Onions runs to tables and parallel columns that suggest a statistical habit of mind. Was it his task to meet all the arguments that might be brought up to prove that men do not grow backward? By meeting arguments he raises more, like the orthodox who spread doubt by interminably wrangling with the skeptics.

AND then here is Louis Hémon in "Maria Chapdelaine" (Macmillan), vivid, brief, simple—a little masterpiece which has charmed me into French Canada as I never was charmed before. What strength, what lightness! This stubborn Chapdelaine dragging his family after him farther and farther into the wilderness in obedience to an instinct which he cannot help; his wife, longing always for the settled parishes yet accompanying him with a profound fidelity and dying in the frozen wilderness; his Homeric sons and his tireless hired laborer—they have all a massive, primitive stamp accentuated by the idyllic manner of the narrative. What tenderness, too, appears in the story of Maria, the daughter of the house, who loses her true lover in a great storm and who of her remaining suitors chooses, not the man who would take her off to the shining novelties of some factory town in the States, but the peasant with whom she will repeat the fortunes of her mother in her native land! It does not matter that the events take place in a world so remote nor that reason so seldom rules the characters in their behavior. The whole action has been deeply, truly *imagined*. We wonder because the details are so exact; we are affected because we must believe.

CARL VAN DOREN

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The Balance Sheet of Europe

America and the Balance Sheet of Europe. By John F. Bass and H. G. Moulton. The Ronald Press Company. $3.

IF a law were passed requiring every public official and business man in the United States to read this book—and if they all read it—one could face the economic future with a great deal more hope. The authors have rendered an incalculable service by analyzing in a short readable book—which any layman can understand—the factors which are at the root of the world's economic upheaval and the measures which are indispensable to correct it.

This suggestion that we have here a handbook to prosperity may appear strange to some people. The fact is, however, that there is no difficulty in finding remedies for the present chaos—they suggest themselves—if one really understands the situation. It is in this respect that the book is so immensely valuable. It throws a piercing light upon the broken bones of our economic body. It penetrates the wrappings of theory, ignorance, and stupidity with which our statesmen have surrounded the issues and tells almost in words of one syllable both what is the matter and what is to be done. Of course the book appears even more important than it would were it not for the abysmal ignorance of international economic problems which exists in the legislative halls of this country. When it is possible for us to be told, as we were told only a few days ago, that our Congressional leaders have agreed on a program of (1) high tariff and (2) soldier bonus, relying mainly for payment on the interest to be received from foreign obligations, then we must conclude that Mr. Bass and Mr. Moulton are in the nature of prophets, even though they voice no more than what has been accepted in Europe for a good while. Among other things, they demolish the childish theory that the United States on the one hand can raise a barrier against foreign goods and on the other can require payment of interest from Europe which can be made only by a surplus of European exports to us over her imports from us.

If some of our chauvinists would read this book they might also begin to think whether we want the interest at all if it is going to mean—as it would mean if paid—a favorable balance of trade for Europe and an unfavorable one for us. It is this same thought which stands in the way of settling German reparation payments "in kind"; and lest we forget that the problem of our interest payments, which our legislators take so lightly, is no less than the problem which is disturbing the most brilliant minds of Europe, Mr. Bass and Mr. Moulton remind us that the interest on our foreign debts is seven hundred million dollars a year while two billion gold marks (the annual reparation payment settled upon without export tax) is only five hundred million dollars. Certainly these writers have a way of presenting figures which reveal truth in a flash and would prove uncomfortable to the Senator from Massachusetts if he would only study them.

In the early part of their book, The Situation as It Really Is, they furnish some of the most informing tables that have yet appeared. The beauty of their arrangement is that they are not elaborate. In one or two lines you will find the relative trade statistics of England, France, Italy, and other countries now and before the war; in a few more lines the figures of their unbalanced budgets and in a remarkable column the ratios, as of 1914 and 1920, of the gold and silver holdings of the various European central banks to their note and deposit obligations. A grasp of these figures and a consequent understanding of The Situation as It Really Is, which is brilliantly presented here, is essential to every manufacturer, banker, or statesman who tries to read the future; it is even more essential to those who wish to help do something about it instead of relying on the threadbare generalization one hears so often to the effect that the world is not coming to an end yet and that everything will be all right over there soon. Everything will not be all right over there soon unless the malady is understood by the people of the world and unless they make it clear to their statesmen that they no longer desire to be coddled with economic anaesthetics fed to them in chocolate-covered pills with centers as bitter as gall.

That these attractive looking pills are really exceedingly bitter is the inescapable conclusion from the second division of the book on German Reparations. Reparations are in effect not different from the payment of interest and principal on our loans to foreign governments. Mr. Bass and Mr. Moulton show how the coal strike in England was the direct result of the necessity for the British coal owners to compete with indemnity coal. As they lead you step by step with firm and unerring hand through the present economic labyrinth you will agree with them at the end that the demand for the last farthing or the last sou of German reparations is "the supreme inconsistency of the ages"—since Germany can only pay in goods and no country dares take the goods. You quickly realize that, while a free payment of one billion dollars from one country to another might mean one billion dollars less taxes to pay, the means of paying these same taxes would thereby be reduced more than one billion. You also realize why the countries of the world need to have Germany buy from them quite as much as they need to have German materials free of charge; and when you begin to apply the fine logic of these chapters to our own situation you begin to understand a few of the things that we must do if the economic life of Europe is to be saved and our own protected.

In the last division, on Remedies, you will find listed on one printed page the things which must be done both by European countries and by the United States. This sounds didactic, but in reality the list is only a reasoned summary of the conclusions at which any intelligent reader himself will have arrived. By the time he reaches the last pages of the book he understands why the restoration of international trade is all of a piece with the balancing of European budgets, sound reparation philosophy, and the resumption of the gold standard, but that none of these can be done without us. It then becomes as clear as day that it is sound business for the United States to cancel Allied debts, lower tariff duties, and contribute a portion of its own gold reserve to restore the gold standard of Europe. That we will ultimately come to this there is no question. The big question is when?

It is tremendously encouraging that we have men like Mr. Bass and Mr. Moulton to point the way with such courage and fine reasoning, and the burden of proof now rests upon those who still rely on the time-worn claim that as only 10 per cent of our total production is exported it matters little if that be lost—forgetting as they do that this 10 per cent is only an average. We now await explanation from them how the South, which normally exports 50 per cent of its cotton, and the wheat belt, which normally exports 25 to 30 per cent of its wheat, can be prosperous if America pays no attention to the balance sheet of Europe.

MAURICE WERTHEIM

Paul Fort

Selected Poems and Ballads of Paul Fort. Translated from the French by John Strong Newberry. With an Introduction by Ludwig Lewisohn and an Appreciation by Carl Sandburg. Duffield and Company. $4.

IT was high time for Paul Fort to be translated into English. There was an essay upon him six years ago in Amy Lowell's "Six French Poets," with admirable versions of a few of his poems in an appendix, and there have been references to him galore, but not until today has he appeared in anything like complete costume. His contemporaries in France have voted him The Prince of Poets. Romain Rolland has acclaimed him an undoubted classic. Anatole France has "marveled at the beauty and stood amazed at the eloquence" of his performances.

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Remy de Gourmont has paid tribute to his infinite variety. Critics and poets as different from one another as Pierre Louys, Albert Samain, Émile Faguet, Henri de Regnier, François Coppée, Charles Guérin, and Henri Bataille have called him great. And Georges Duhamel has written: "One of the things our grandsons will marvel at is that Paul Fort was not the most universally loved poet of his time." Add that Amy Lowell, rightly or wrongly, has considered "this most universal genius of all living Frenchmen" to be at the same time "the most English of French poets," and every reason for his importation exists.

Who is Paul Fort? Briefly, he is the jolliest and vividest poet of twentieth-century France. Whether he is the greatest only Frenchmen may decide. More Frenchmen now than ten years ago deny that he is; probably he is not. But his quality is definite and unique. Within a few weeks now of being fifty, he can claim to have sung more sides of French life, or of all life, than any predecessor since Hugo. In the twenty volumes of "Ballades Françaises" which he poured out during the twenty years between 1897 and 1917, and which for all anyone knows he may yet increase to thirty or forty, he has spoken very often for himself, of course—his joy at living and at feeling himself a poet—but he has spoken also for sailor, peasant, and king, for animal, tree, and town, for past and present and future. He has dealt with legend in a manner all his own; he has made bumptiously free with Icarus, Jason, and Bacchus; he has brought kings like Louis XI and Henry III profoundly, picturesquely to life; he has been learned, ironic, grotesque, and drunk; he has glorified Homer, Shakespeare, Voltaire. Modern places and things he has loved as inclusively as Whitman, though he is merrier and more dramatic than the American prophet, and less magnificent; his praise of death, placed next to the carol of Lincoln's lover, is puny. Carl Sandburg will be the American most like Paul Fort, perhaps, when Sandburg has written more. All colors to Fort are true, all essences strong, all forms distinct. He knows no bounds. "I am happy . . . because my lyre has known how to sing everything. . . . The human soul is my religion. Gold mingles in my mind with blood, with roses, and with Shakespeare." Life was exciting in the old days, and life is exciting now, as witness the poem Whales, of which Mr. Newberry, it happens, has made a good version:

"In the days when still one went to look for whales, cruising so far, sailor, it made our sweethearts weep, there was on every road a Christ upon the cross, there were marquises covered with lace, there was the Holy Virgin, and there was the King.

"In the days when still one went to look for whales, cruising so far, sailor, it made our sweethearts weep, there were mariners who kept the faith, and mighty lords who spat upon it, there was the Holy Virgin, and there was the King.

"Well, nowadays, the whole world is content, 'tis no mere empty phrase, sailor, in truth one is content! . . . There are no more mighty lords nor Christs upon the cross, but there is the republic and there is the president, and there are no more whales."

Mr. Newberry has translated, with considerable abridgment, the "Anthologie des Ballades Françaises, 1897-1917," which the *Mercure de France* published in 1918 and which for the time being represents the best of Paul Fort. It is an unspeakable pity that the volume found no more competent translator. Mr. Newberry deserves all credit for his enterprise and endeavor; but the fact is plain that he will do no good to the reputation of his poet; indeed he may do it harm. Paul Fort was readable; Mr. Newberry, nine pages out of ten, is not. It is always unfortunate when a translator uses more words than his original used, and it is especially so when the original was profuse. Not that Paul Fort was long; he simply was unafraid of the commonplace; he was no imagist. He said a great deal, but he was scrupulous and clear. Mr. Newberry says more, and is not so clear. And he is curiously unreal. Paul Fort printed his alexandrines in the form of prose, discarding for the most part the mute *e* of standard French versification and bounding along with a naturalness that was not spoiled by frequent rhyme. His word-order was generally that of speech; his expression, while it was free, had the economy of the best writing whether prose or verse. His language, in a word, was never in our way. Mr. Newberry is nine-tenths language and, what is less comprehensible, he is three-fourths eighteenth-century language of a remote and dreary sort that only misguided scholarship could have gone and got, for it is nowhere used today. He dotes on inversions, and he strains for circumlocutions. He would rather be anything than simple and sensible. His rhymes jingle, and are silly. He clutters his pages with insipid epithets like those which Dryden and Pope (though they were poets) were condemned more than a century ago for sticking into Virgil and Homer. "Paleur" becomes "pallid beam," "clairières" becomes "dewy glades," "val" becomes "sylvan dale," "la rivière" becomes "the river's placid brim," "la plaine" becomes "the fruitful plain," "la Grèce" becomes "storied Greece," "rayons" becomes "shimmering rays," "forêt" becomes "glimmering wood," "la nue" becomes "heaven's vault," "ce matin" becomes " 'neath morning's silvery light," "au soleil" becomes "in the bright sun's warm beams," "le plus de foi" becomes "faith most free from base alloy," "aux lueurs dernières" becomes "ere day's last glimmerings were dead," "dans le ciel nuageux glissent de froids éclairs" becomes "in the stormy sky cold lightning-flashes pierce the gathering cloud-wrack grim," "tous les souvenirs que la mer garde en soi" becomes "all the memories sere in ocean's depths that dwell," and "Il n'est rien que je n'espère" becomes "In my heart springs hope's eternal fount." So ad infinitum. All these offenses against Paul Fort and poetry, it is true, are chargeable to the tyranny of rhyme. But when reputations are at stake, why rhyme? Literal prose is safer, and can be beautiful.

What can be done with such a book? It can be placed on library shelves and consulted for the excellent prefaces of Mr. Lewisohn and Mr. Sandburg. And of course it gives the sense of Paul Fort, if it does not give his spirit. Might Amy Lowell undertake a translation? But paper is dear, and there may be no publisher.

MARK VAN DOREN

Heretical Russia

Russian Dissenters. By Frederic C. Conybeare. Harvard University Press. $4.

ACCORDING to the historian Alexander Kornilov, whatever was alive and creative among the Russian masses joined the Schismatics or other dissenting sects, while within the "spiritual fence" of the official church remained for the most part the passive and indifferent elements of the people. Since the fifteenth century there have been records of groups persecuted by the government and by the church for their non-conformist views and heretical practices. In view of the persecutions this most interesting element of the Russian people was forced into hiding, and presented therefore a great difficulty for the student and investigator. It is to be hoped that post-revolutionary research will enable Russian scholars to gather and utilize the scattered material on this complex and confusing problem.

Mr. Conybeare has accomplished a conscientious compilation of several sources on the question, using to good purpose his wide erudition in church history and literature. Intended as a "theological study," his work emphasizes the ritualistic side of the subject, at the expense perhaps of its social aspect. More than two-thirds of the book are given to the Raskol—that is, to the Schism—with its numerous variants. The Schismatics are also known as Old-Believers, or Old-Ritualists, since their original divergence from the official church was based on their opposition to the revised ritual introduced in the middle of the seventeenth century. The compiler deals rather briefly

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with the considerably more interesting sects of "spiritual Christians," or Rationalists, as Mr. Conybeare calls the Dukhobortsy and their allied sects, using the old official classification which is hardly correct. Finally, the book contains a few pages about the Mystic sects, the Khlysty and the Skoptsy. One may doubt the author's judgment as to the proportional value of sects treated by him. To complete the account of the defects of the work, one regrets that Mr. Conybeare has made no use whatever of the investigations of Prugavin, a more modern student of the question than either Ivanovski or Uzov, the compiler's chief authorities. And—if this remark is not pedantic—an index would make such a book more convenient for use.

The question of Russian Dissent is interesting not only for the student of theology. The existence and nature of the Russian sects speak volumes for the national idealism, since these sects, far from signifying "fads," have implied the presence of millions of individuals ready to undergo suffering and persecution for their convictions. In the Western world religious wars and fanaticism have given place to religious toleration and indifference, the sign of progress. Only in backward Russia civilization is slow in establishing its reign of compromise. Hence the fanaticism of the Russians, their absolute devotion to an ideal, their putting into practice the avowed principle without reserve or equivocation. On the surface the tenets of some of the sects appear shallow and childish. It is difficult to understand the hundreds of thousands who suffered torture and execution, who burned themselves alive, because they insisted on making the sign of the cross with two and not with three fingers, and on saying "Allelujah" three times instead of two. But all ritual is symbolic. To the Old-Believers the adherence to the ancient rites, at the price of oppression and even of death, meant the championship of truth. In the course of time the views of the Dissenters deepened and broadened. The larger portion of the Old-Believers, the Bezpopovtsy, expanded their opposition to the church into the denial of priesthood and of governmental authority. The Stranniky, or Wanderers, the Dukhobory, Molokane, and numerous kindred sects, professed in common what they called "spiritual Christianity"—that is to say, they tried to practice the spirit of the Scripture, not merely the husk. Consequently, they were opposed to war and to violence under any form, and thereby incurred the wrath and persecution of the autocratic government. The majority of these sects were also opposed to private property, and practice communism. Mr. Conybeare does not mention the sect of the Tolstoians, which was especially strong in Transcaucasia; these simple peasants suffered much from the government for their endeavor to live according to the teaching of Tolstoi. One wishes to hope that the spiritual valor and purity of the dissenters were not primarily due to oppression, and that their wealth of religiosity and idealism will prove a great asset for their nation in travail.

ALEXANDER KAUN

Fair History

Recent History of the United States. By Frederic L. Paxson. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

THIS book adds another to the increasing number of texts in recent history. Even before 1914 the tendency to study the history of our own times was noticeable, and the World War and America's participation in it did but accelerate an already advancing movement. Until a decade ago nearly all college texts in European history virtually ended with the completion of the process of Italian and German unification in 1871. In United States history the *terminus ad quem* was 1877, when the great drama of civil war and reconstruction came to an end. Heretofore most of the books and parts of books that deal with the period since 1877 have been but little more than disappointing epilogues to that great drama.

Professor Paxson is aware that a new drama begins in 1877, but there is little of the dramatic in his book. It is a series of expository essays and historical narratives. Though his story of the World War and its aftermath is the longest of these narratives, it is in no sense a natural climax to the action that is described in the earlier chapters. Instead in these chapters we have no hint of the forces that were leading us toward participation in the enormous struggle. From the point of view of balance the author would have done well to treat the war as a mere episode in the domestic development of the United States and not to attempt to make of it a climax to his narrative.

Indeed, it is finding a satisfactory stopping place that renders the writing of recent American history difficult. For the play is not over. Since this is so, how can an author choose his characters and the elements of dramatic conflict? The answer is that it cannot be done. At any rate Mr. Paxson is wise enough not to identify the respective points of his triangle with the political jobs, the Democratic Party, and the Republican Party. To have committed this error would have given his piece the character of a serio-comic farce.

If we read this book carefully, and sometimes between the lines, we may find that the object of desire is material wealth, carrying with it social prestige and political power. It is also quite patent that during the last half century this object has been almost exclusively possessed by what in Europe is called the bourgeoisie and what, for the lack of a better name, we may call in America the business men. In this narrow sense the business men have constituted not more than ten or fifteen per cent of our population. Within this group there have been many divisions and subdivisions which from time to time have come into conflict with each other, but in the face of outside opposition it has possessed remarkable group solidarity in word, thought, and deed. It is a large group as aristocracies go, but it is an aristocracy nevertheless. The doings of this business men aristocracy in government, industry, and society have been the stuff of recent American history.

The members of this aristocracy have done well by themselves, but at the same time they have not failed to recognize their obligations to society. For instance, they have established museums, endowed colleges, and founded various sorts of institutions for carrying on scientific research. On the other hand they have built factories, railroads, and even whole cities, and thereby have given employment to millions. They have exploited the country's natural resources to the benefit of society in general and of themselves in particular. In all the cities from Gopher Prairie to Gotham they have been, and are, "society." As such, they have erected city and country clubs for their own diversion and recreation. They have engaged in sport and patronized amateur and professional sports. They have been the chief supporters of the theaters, the churches, and the professional classes generally. And so from the stage, the pulpit, and the rostrum the professional classes have put into logical form the philosophy of the business men. In politics these people have generally been Republicans, except in the South, where for social reasons they are Democrats. But generally speaking both parties, when in power, have respected their wishes.

All this we may learn from this book—if we read between the lines. Moreover, we learn that once back in the nineties certain discontented farmers questioned the divine right of these aristocrats to a monopoly of the good things of life and began their campaign by attempting to wrest the control of government from business men's hands and to create a currency system more to their own liking. Mr. Paxson's attitude toward this movement is that the farmers were merely poor misguided souls, victims of unfortunate economic laws, who would cure their ills by drinking from a bottle labeled Free Silver. In other words, the farmers were unacquainted with the principles of sound money and banking. At least the business men and their friends, the economists, said as much, and Mr. Paxson does not seem inclined to question their authority.

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Then the laborers receive some attention. Mr. Paxson's attitude toward labor—except where it has employed violence—is quite benevolent and "fair." Truly, the life of the textbook writer and publisher is not a happy one.

It may be said that on the whole Mr. Paxson has written well *about* recent American history. In places he is obviously bewildered by his subject. He doesn't understand it all. But neither does *The Nation*, nor the reviewer, nor anybody. But we must understand it if we are to get anywhere. May the Lord in His wisdom add understanding to the readers of this book!

B. B. KENDRICK

Drama

Business as Usual

THE crisis in the theater has reached the pocketbooks of the managers; it has not reached their minds. It has indeed been doubted whether the minds of the older managers can be reached. Perhaps only the swift rise of new managers or new cooperative groups can meet the problems of that new American theater which is slowly but very surely emerging. Such managers and groups are in sight. The stress of the present season, which will soon be on the wane, may cripple or obscure their efforts for a period. They need not fear. The history of the drama in every other contemporary literature makes it quite certain that the future is theirs.

Broadway, in the meantime, conducts business as usual. And since the development of neither life nor literature is a matter of sudden breaks or gaps, sporadic successes will long continue to harden obdurate hearts in the commercial theater. Thus, too, the most prosperous playwrights of the passing order continue to flourish. There is Mr. Cosmo Hamilton. He has been accused of immorality on account of the problems he treats. His problems, as a matter of fact, are those that form the major moral preoccupation of mankind. It is his treatment of these problems alone that is immoral. And it is so not because it is bold, but because it is not bold enough. In "Danger" (Thirty-ninth Street Theater), for instance, he argues for a mitigation of the existing conventions not for the deep and solid reasons that exist, but for absurd and impossible ones. He invents a woman of straw to justify a situation which, though temporarily illegal in fact, was never other than timidly proper in spiritual background and intention.

It is amusing, since immoral is quite too grave a word, to see Mr. Samuel Shipman, under the banner of Mr. A. H. Woods, rush to the defense of our hearths and homes. He does so on the quaint but thoroughly popular assumption that wives and husbands—especially the latter—can be stolen and arraigns the law for containing no provision against this type of theft. And since it soothes the unthinking to attribute to accident or the guile of others the results of their being what, for better or worse, they are, "Lawful Larceny" (Republic Theater) will probably enjoy the popularity it does not deserve.

"Drifting" (The Playhouse), by two quite obscure authors, is a wildly pictorial melodrama to the effect that, though parental harshness or the scheming of evil men may send you to either the gilded or the ungilded lower depth, love coupled with intrepidity will continue to conquer all things. The play was concocted as a vehicle for the genuine though untempered emotional verve of Miss Alice Brady, who has since been succeeded quite adequately by Miss Helen Menken. A hectic melodrama with exotic color is also "The White Peacock" (Comedy Theater), which Madame Olga Petrova wrote for her own use. But Madame Petrova is both a remarkable scenic artist and a remarkable personality. She has a touch of nobility and distinction and spiritual ardor that causes one to forget at many moments the quality of the claptrap with which she is engaged. No forgetfulness tempers the unintentional hilarity of "Bull Dog Drummond" (Knickerbocker Theater), a roaring, crashing British melodrama in the manner of Conan Doyle.

A delightful relief from these plays, as well as an indirect criticism of them, is afforded by Mr. Walter Hackett's "Captain Applejack" (Cort Theater). It is a burlesque on the romantic aspirations of the hopelessly sedentary. It is gaily imaginative in execution and soundly sober in purport. The excellent Mr. Ambrose Applejohn is disillusioned with romance through the intrusion into both his dreaming and his waking life of an ancestor who, a genuine pirate, sailed the Spanish main. He settles down with enormous relief, yet not without a permanent satisfaction of his male vanity through an adventurousness and truculence not his own. In the double role of dream pirate and timid suburban gentleman Wallace Eddinger gives by far the best performance of his career. To his accustomed dry humor he adds here a wild kind of gravity and a murderous gaiety that bite into the mind.

Vaudeville and super-vaudeville may end this miscellany. The entertainment offered by Miss Elsie Janis (Gaiety Theater) consists of the performances of herself and her "gang." Those of the latter are negligible. Her own dancing has an exhilarating energy and spontaneity; her talent as a *diseuse* has become really ripe and subtle; her imitations of various Broadway celebrities are astonishingly telling and exact. Genuine super-vaudeville is achieved by the "Midweek Interludes" at the Neighborhood Playhouse. The one-act plays are ironic grotesques of high intelligence competently executed; the clavilux or color-organ that throws upon a screen symphonic variations of pure form and color attains effects of eerie excitement and sudden fascination that may be prophetic of a new if quite minor art.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

Politics and Porto Rico

By MARY REED

IN Porto Rico there are three political parties of any importance, and one political issue. The parties are Unionist, Republican, and Socialist, and the issue is independence. The Unionist Party, now in control of the island, is pro-independence, while the Republicans, who lost their last stronghold, San Juan, in the bitter electoral fight of November 2, 1920, favor United States control. The "Socialist" Party, under the leadership of Senator Santiago Iglesias, has attached itself to the Republican Party in the matter of giving support to Governor Reily's administration. This coalition seems to have mastered the principles of team play in the legislature. For instance, if the Unionists introduce a tax bill, the Republicans oppose it on the ground that it is too hard on business, while the Socialists oppose it on the ground that it is not hard enough. His enemies charge that Senator Iglesias is Socialist only when a strike is called, and that strikes are called only around election time so that Unionist suppression will turn votes his way. However this may be, it is certain that the Socialist leader, whose radicalism about equals that of Samuel Gompers, has done much to help the miserable underpaid peasants.

Since Governor Reily's notable inauguration speech last July 30, there has been no love lost between the Governor and the Unionists. This has resulted in a growing intimacy between Reily and the "loyal" leaders, culminating in his administrative appointments, which were announced on November 1, accompanied by a statement declaring that these offices should be distributed equally among the political parties, and that there would be no partisanship as long as he was governor of the island.

The appointments for department heads were as follows: Commissioner of the Treasury—José E. Benedicto, Unionist; Commissioner of Public Health—Dr. W. F. Lippit, Republican (American); Commissioner of Agriculture and Labor—Carlos Toro, Republican; Commissioner of the Interior—John A. Wilson, Democrat (American); Chief of the Labor Department—Prudencia Rivera Martinez, Socialist. Three of these are Porto Ricans, two Americans, and only one is a member of the majority party. Two judges were also appointed, one Republican and one Unionist.

The terms of these officials then in office had expired, except that of the Secretary of the Interior, Esteves, which ends on February 1, 1922. Governor Reily explained to him that his work had been entirely satisfactory, but that he wished him to resign so that he could make a complete reorganization in the administration.

The following comments on these appointments and on Governor Reily's policies are taken from *La Correspondencia de Puerto Rico* of November 9.

Our charter, based on the Constitution of the United States, declares that the heads of the four departments of Agriculture and Labor, Public Health, the Treasury, and the Interior shall be appointed by the Governor, with the approval and consent of the Senate of Porto Rico. . . . And the article states that these department heads shall fulfil their duties for a period of four years and until their successors have been appointed and take office. It is true that, except for Señor Esteves, the term designated by law has been completed by the department heads, but this does not authorize the Governor to fill these places in the meantime. The department heads may be removed by the Governor, according to Article 13 of the Jones Act, when there are charges showing incompetence or negligence . . . but they must continue to hold office until the Senate has convened and their successors are legally appointed. . . . Why have these department heads been removed without due cause? . . . Why has the Governor proceeded with such haste? Perhaps the interests of the administration would be endangered if he waited until next February?

What the Governor has done is to make evident his intention of destroying the majority party. . . . And since these appointments are illegal there is no other remedy than to turn back into the Treasury the salaries which have been paid during these three months to men who have been capriciously appointed, without regard to the procedure designated by law. [Note: The Jones Act provides that the Auditor shall be an American.]

The New York *Times* on October 21 had made the following comment on the situation:

The belief obtains in Porto Rico that the Senate has something to do with the nomination of appointees to office. This belief is shared more or less by both Republicans and Unionists, and is supplemented by the theory that the party carrying the Senate may in effect dictate appointments to the Governor. If this were true in Porto Rico, of course, it would have equal force in every State of the Union, because the same principle is applied under State and national application of the rule.

To this the Porto Rican paper replies:

It is true that the executive power vested in the Senate is neither that of "nominating" nor "appointing." It is merely a check upon the executive power of appointment. If individuals are proposed for appointment by the Executive whom the Senate considers incompetent or unworthy, it may withhold its consent and the appointment cannot be made. They check the action of the Executive, but cannot take the initiative nor direct him.

We all know these elementary principles, but Governor Reily's appointment and removal policy is considered an evil so great and so difficult to remedy that if all his other public acts had been perfectly wise and right this single feature of his administration would suffice to render it deplorable rather than admirable. We must avow explicitly the belief that his elevation to power was a mistake on the part of President Harding.

He is an autocrat who ignores the fact that the strong is strong only that he may aid the weak. We do not doubt that in his most autocratic moments he really thinks that he is fighting the battle of the people and doing their will while baffling the purposes of their representatives. He appears always to have meant well. But his ignorance of law, history, politics, the science of government, of everything which he who governs a country ought to know, is extreme. He is imprisoned in his ignorance, and sometimes rages around in his dim little inclosure like a tiger in his den.

The lamentable divorce between the people and the Governor, between the legislative and the executive powers, should be attributed to the fact that the governorship of Porto Rico has been intrusted to a man whose ignorance, whose intentions, and whose passions have combined to render him, of all conceivable human beings, the most unfit for the office. . . .

Further excitement was caused over the question of United States expenditure in Porto Rico. The following statements taken from *La Correspondencia* of November 9 throw some light on this subject:

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The Governor declared, on his last excursion through the island, that the United States was spending $22,000,000 in Porto Rico on lighthouses, the army, the federal court, wireless telegraphy, and harbors. In this calculation the Governor left out the Agricultural Experiment Station, the Agricultural College, custom-houses, immigration, postal service, and inspection of ships. . . .

The United States actually spends in Porto Rico on lighthouses and navigation auxiliaries the amount of $120,000. Cuba, which is six times as long as our island, assigned the sum of $215,746.65 for this purpose for the year 1919-20.

The army, which used to be called the Porto Rico Regiment and is now the 65th Infantry U. S., costs only $500,000 approximately.

The United States spends $35,000 on the Agricultural Experiment Station and $55,000 on the College of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts.

Last year it spent $98,259.14 on custom-houses, with special salaries for emergency inspectors (this $98,259.14 came out of Porto Rican funds); $30,000 on immigration; $15,000 on inspection of ships; $700,000 on postal service (this also is paid by Porto Rico. The Postal Service brings in more than $1,300,000).

The United States has spent altogether $400,000 on the harbor of San Juan, and not annually, as the Governor erroneously states; $300,000 on wireless telegraphy (for the military convenience of the United States and not of Porto Rico); total $2,253,260.

The Porto Ricans rightly inquire what is being done with the other $19,746,740.

The following quotation from an editorial entitled Are We Not Prepared for Self-Government? printed in *La Correspondencia* of November 17, speaks for itself:

In his message to the legislature the Governor states that Porto Rico will not be ready to assume its proper permanent status until we have lifted the great masses of our people out of their present condition of illiteracy, disease, and poverty. . . .

The first census of the United States was taken in 1790, and showed a population of 3,929,328 inhabitants, 73 per cent of whom were illiterate, and the majority Indians. Porto Rico is an island measuring 3,500 square miles with 1,223,000 cultured and civilized inhabitants, with 51 per cent illiterate. . . .

The blame for this 51 per cent of illiterates now in Porto Rico lies solely with the North American Government, which for twenty-two years has been directing the destinies of Porto Rico against the will of an immense majority of Porto Ricans.

When as a consequence of the Spanish-American War Porto Rico was transferred to the United States (without consulting us), we already had a form of self-government allowing us to legislate freely in accordance with the peculiarities of the country, to negotiate commercial treaties, and to direct our own destinies, and we were one of the forty-nine provinces of the kingdom of Spain. This autonomy was granted us by a monarchical government a quarter of a century ago. For nearly a quarter of a century, we repeat, we have belonged to the United States of North America, styled the most democratic nation on earth. And notwithstanding, Porto Rico groans in the chains of slavery under a form of semi-self-government known as the Jones Act, rigid and sharp, which grants the Executive, an American, absolute power to veto the acts of the legislative department, composed of Porto Ricans. . . .

Our legislators are disqualified from legislating on the appointment of school-teachers, on public education, and on the election of officers for judicial positions. And, as if this were not enough, Washington appoints our commissioner of education who is an American, an American auditor, an American chief of police, two American judges out of the five on the Supreme Court bench, an American chief of the port, and the American heads and almost all the American subordinates of the Federal offices except the Post Office Department.

The New White Drive in the East

THE latest "White drive" against the Far Eastern Republic, which so far has resulted in the capture of Khabarovsk, was not as unexpected in the Far East as was the news when it reached the United States. The Russian newspapers in the Far East during the earlier part of December are full of information showing that the drive was being prepared and organized under the auspices of Japan. It seems that the Japanese sought an engagement in battle with the Red partisans in order to gain an excuse for continuing the policy of intervention in the Russian Far East. This aim has not been attained so far owing to the fact that the political leaders of the partisans instructed their men to avoid active hostilities against the Japanese. The attempts to provoke the partisans were many. According to the *Shanghaiskaya Zhisn* of December 3 the city of Olga was occupied in the following manner:

On the day of the occupation some armed vessels flying the Japanese flag entered the bay. The guard vessels of the partisan detachments suspected nothing and remained inactive in accordance with their instructions not to engage in hostilities with the Japanese troops. When the provocation became apparent it was too late for the guard vessels to act. They were disarmed and the Merkulov troops, again under cover of the Japanese, landed on the shore. Upon seeing that Olga was being occupied by the Japanese, the partisan garrison retreated without fighting.

A similar story is told of the way other localities in the Far East have been occupied. A telegram from Chita dated December 3 states:

On November 30 the Kappel troops, numbering about 1,000 bayonets, under cover of the Japanese, started an offensive against the Ussuri station. . . . After a battle of two hours the Kappel troops were defeated by the militia, but then the Japanese detachments intervened and the militia, without accepting a fight with the Japanese, retreated to the Prokhaska station, 35 versts south of Iman. It is given out upon authoritative information that the Japanese actively participated also in the capture of Anuchino and Suchan by the Merkulov troops.

Another dispatch from Kharbin, dated December 3, states: "The Red partisans are continually avoiding encounters with the Whites who are advancing in conjunction with the Japanese. . . ." The latter seem to have decided to go on with their policy of intervention. Thus it is reported that the Japanese Minister of War included in his budget the sum of 6,000,000 yen for the maintenance of a Japanese military force in the Maritime Province up to April 1, and in Nikolaievsk on the Amur the Japanese have started to build new barracks for their troops in preparation for the winter. The drive has been pushed by the Japanese with the apparent purpose of creating certain accomplished facts before the Washington Conference approaches the question of Siberia and the Russian Far East. The fact is that the drive was undertaken in spite of the opposition of the White Kappel troops. The *Shanghaiskaya Zhisn* of December 9 prints the following dispatch from Kharbin:

The decision of the Allies to transfer the Wrangel troops to Vladivostok was not approved by the Kappelists who are of the opinion that the time for an offensive against Soviet Russia is not yet at hand. Any such attempt at present is doomed to fail. This is why the Kappel troops are avoiding any hostile engagements with the partisans in the Maritime Province. The Kappelists are of the opinion that they should not join the

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Semionovists who are forced to advance against Anuchino, Suchan, and Olga owing to the demands of a "certain foreign Power" and in order to force the Far Eastern Republic to accept the Japanese demands. The fact was established that the former followers of Semionov and Ungern received arms and munitions from that particular Power, besides assurances of assistance and protection in case of failure.

Vilna

FOR the tenth time the Vilna dispute has come up before the League of Nations and it still remains unsettled. The original settlement of the League failed to satisfy either Poland or Lithuania, and the Poles met the situation by the military coup d'etat executed by General Zellgowsky. Recently in an effort to stabilize their control they announced a plebiscite in the Vilna region. These elections, M. Hymans of the League Council has declared, will not be recognized by the League since they were held without its sanction. The elections took place on January 8 and seem to have resulted in a large majority for the party favoring the transfer of the Vilna region to Polish sovereignty. But this result can hardly be taken seriously, since only the Polish and pro-Polish elements in the population took part in the elections. Those opposed to Polish supremacy protested the decision of the Polish Diet to hold a plebiscite in the Middle-Lithuanian state and upheld their attitude by refusing to participate in the elections. The first to voice its protest was the Lithuanian Government at Kovno. According to a Kovno dispatch of December 19 in the Berlin *Novy Mir* the Lithuanian Government at a special session of the Constituent Diet made the following declaration:

We are faced with the possibility of a new attempt of the occupying forces against the rights of Lithuania. Without waiting for the final decision of the League of Nations the Polish Diet decided to carry out elections in some of the occupied provinces, particularly in the Lida and Brazlav districts. After this the so-called authorities of Middle Lithuania announced elections to the Vilna Diet which is supposed to be convened on January 8, 1922. The Lithuanian Government protests against these steps of the occupying forces and declares that while it aims to consolidate all of Lithuania it has no intention of infringing upon the rights of the inhabitants of Eastern Lithuania. Eastern Lithuania will remain an autonomous state with its Diet at Vilna. The central Government will only retain the right of decision in questions of foreign policy, the right to declare war and conclude peace, and also the management of the army, finances, and means of communication.

The White Ruthenian National Committee at Vilna adopted the following resolution on the question of the participation of the White Ruthenians in the elections to the Vilna Diet decreed by Poland:

WHEREAS, (1) the Polish part of White Ruthenia is artificially divided between Poland and Middle Lithuania, (2) the opinions of the White Ruthenians have not been heard in the Polish-Lithuanian conflict, (3) the authority in the Vilna region is exclusively in the hands of the Poles, (4) the scope of the Diet has not been officially determined, (5) a policy of cruel repression is being carried out with regard to the White Ruthenians, (6) after three years of Polish rule real elections are impossible, especially since there is no freedom of election—in view of all this the White Ruthenian National Committee declares that its participation in the election will become possible only on condition that the authority be vested in representatives of

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all nationalities and that in the election territory all those White Ruthenian provinces be included which became a part of Poland after the treaty of Riga.

The Provisional Lithuanian Committee in Vilna, representing the Lithuanian residents of the region, in reply to an invitation to delegate its representatives to the committee on elections, declared:

1. The Provisional Lithuanian Committee in Vilna elected by the organized Lithuanian population of Vilna . . . cannot take part in a work which is harmful to the interest of the Lithuanian population;

2. Three years of Polish rule in Vilna have demonstrated that the Polish authorities and organized Polish public opinion are constantly persecuting the Lithuanians, their organizations, schools, newspapers, commercial and industrial institutions, etc.;

3. Polish society is convening the Vilna Diet that it may, with the assistance of the troops of occupation and by monopolizing political activity, force Vilna to become a part of Poland;

4. For this purpose agitators sent from Poland have been active in the Vilna region, while all measures have been taken to bar any propaganda on the part of the Lithuanians. The latter are constantly persecuted and the activities of their organizations are molested by the Polish authorities;

5. The Polish authorities in the Vilna region have destroyed all Lithuanian forces and organizations, have taken into their hands the whole machinery of propaganda while continuing to persecute in every way all Lithuanians who are not in favor of Polish aspirations.

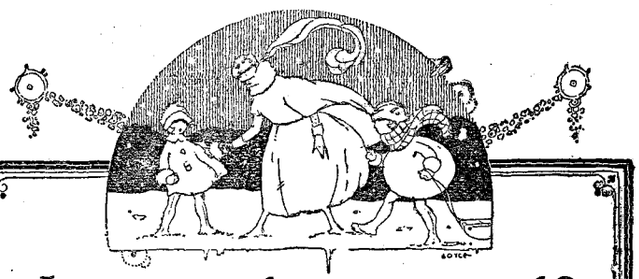
Under such conditions the "liberties" promised for the period of elections are of no value at all. The elections to the Diet will only bring about a further deferring of the question of joining Vilna to Lithuania and a further complication of the situation of Lithuania and the Lithuanians residing in the Vilna region. In view of this the Lithuanians in Vilna, not desiring to act against the interests of their people and their country, cannot take part in the elections to such a Diet and the Provisional Lithuanian Committee, in accordance with the expressed will of the Lithuanians, refuses to participate in such elections.

Late Figures on Russian Industry

IN an article in the Moscow *Pravda* of November 22, Larin, a leading Russian economist, publishes some figures on the productivity of the Russian state-owned industries, which, summarized, are as follows:

Officially tested statistics show that during 1920 the industries produced goods to the value of 584,000,000 gold rubles. During the first six months of 1921 the value of goods produced was 368,000,000 gold rubles, which shows an increase of about 25 per cent as compared with the average productivity during the same period of time in 1920. The estimated productivity for the second half of 1921 (unless an unexpected decline takes place in the months of November and December) is expressed in the value of 420,000,000 gold rubles. Judging from the present situation, the expected productivity during the first half of 1922 will be brought up to the value of 500,000,000 gold rubles. In October, 1921, after the system of the collective wage was introduced, the productivity of every individual worker in the metal industry and in the Donetz Basin increased by 50 per cent. The prospects are that in the future the general productivity will increase at a greater pace, but even if the present slow improvement persists Russian industry should be restored to its pre-war productivity by 1927.

Important Documents on Japanese Activities in Siberia will appear in a forthcoming issue of the INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION.



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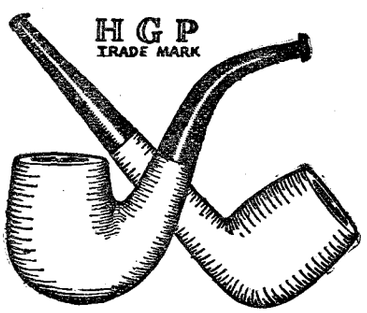

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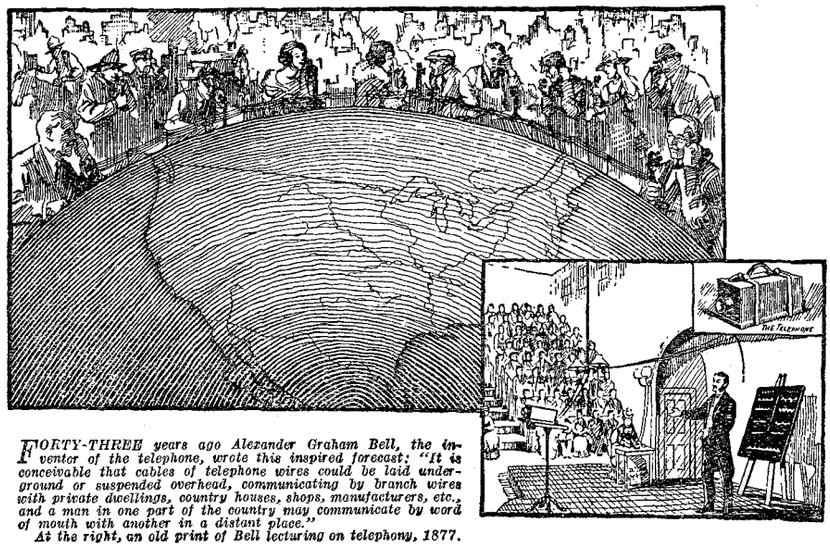

FORTY-THREE years ago Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, wrote this inspired forecast: "It is conceivable that cables of telephone wires could be laid underground or suspended overhead, communicating by branch wires with private dwellings, country houses, shops, manufactures, etc., and a man in one part of the country may communicate by word of mouth with another in a distant place."
At the right, an old print of Bell lecturing on telephony, 1877.

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